TEN CENTS A COPY

The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

VOLUME VIII — NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1931 — NUMBER 12

FROM A WOODCUT BY LYND WARD
(*Courtesy, Farrar & Rinehart*)

The Easiest Way

THE price of popularity is high. Editors of magazines of large circulation in this country have poured out money for short stories and serials until the total amount in the past decade would seem small only when compared with the sums spent for advertising in the accompanying pages. And the price is high to the seller also. Some of our very best writers have paid too much for popularity.

It was not necessary. Tolstoy pushed the theory into absurdity, yet certainly very great literature can be popular also. And novels and short stories, when written by writers who have this gift of catching public attention, are as popular when they satisfy every canon of art as when they are debased and diluted. Such writers need not cramp their style in order to write for the millions. They are not usually subtle and so do not have to give up subtlety, nor is subtlety an essential factor in first-rate fiction. There is nothing subtle in "Tom Jones" or "The Three Musketeers." And it is a vulgar error to suppose that they have to lower the standard of their English. By any reasonable test it would probably be found that the English of serials in *The Woman's Home Companion* or *The Saturday Evening Post* is as pure, as sound, as fresh as the style of any handful of advanced coterie novels that could be plucked off a dilettante's book shelves. The public hates formal, cold, complex, or mannered English, but to purity, lucidity, vigor, and even to suavity they have (at least) no objection. They will even read far beyond their vocabulary, if the new words seem essential. Kipling proved that. Nor is it probable that these men and women who write for the millions feel much restriction in the choice of subject. The intricate and intellectualized are forbidden to them, but do they want to write of such? Controversial themes, especially in religion and race they are not allowed, but in fiction these are only a slender loss. As for sex—the family censor lets through almost anything that the writer born with a sense of the public is likely to wish to bring into his story. A deep-going study of sexual complications is impossible in these magazines, but this taboo excludes only one kind, though one of the greatest kinds, of fiction. Most of them would write no more of sex if all barriers were down. Cinderella is more interesting to them than Cleopatra.

And yet these popular writers, among whom must be numbered some of the best writers in English today, have paid a price, and often a heavy one, for their popularity. If you wish their names, go to the nearest news-stand, look at the names displayed, and then verify for yourself the statement that follows. These writers have little by little and oftener as they grew older fallen into that vice of fiction which should be called "the easiest way."

Readers in the mass and the average have what I. A. Richards calls their stock reactions, and once the novelist begins to trade upon these he is weakening. They react to certain typical situations in a very typical way, and when once the button is touched begin to write their own stories. Here in the United States there is an inevitable reaction to the poor boy making good, to the roughneck revealing a heart of gold (it is interesting to see Mr. Galsworthy using this

(*Continued on page* 183)

Yes and No

By LOUIS UNTERMEYER

YES
Is made to bless
By natural largesse.

Yes is full sun,
Day well-begun,
And labor done;

The high
Response of the beloved eye;
Approving sky;

Rich laughter; open hands;
The bright expanse
Of casual circumstance.

Yes
Is no less
Than God's excess.

No
Is the slow
Finality of snow;
The soft blow deadening all that grow;

Locked brain;
The tight-lipped tugging at the rein ;
The blood stopped in the vein;

Dull dying without death;
Lost faith
Sick of its own breath.

No is the freezing look,
The closed book,
The dream forsook.

*The Intrusion of Asia**

By HENRY W. NEVINSON

TILL about 1890 we all regarded "The East," by which we meant Asia, as a little known part of the world, inhabited by various yellow and coffee-colored races, some of which were capable of producing beautiful objects in gold, bronze, or porcelain, while the rest lived a savage and wandering existence, producing little but camels and excellent horses. If there was one thing certain it was that "The East" was "unchanging." That was the constant epithet, and it saved writers and orators a lot of trouble. Another convenient quotation was Matthew Arnold's verse which, referring to the onset of the Roman Empire, observed:—

The East bow'd low before the blast
In patient, deep disdain;
She let the legions thunder past,
And plunged in thought again.

It was a comfortable verse, for we liked to imagine the East silently, immovably, sunk in thought, while we were active upon railways, telegraphs, factories, and battleships. And there was another favorite quotation that we laid as unction to our souls. It came from young Mr. Rudyard Kipling, who was accepted as knowing a fine lot about the East, and it ran: "For East is East and West is West, and never the twain shall meet." We were heartily glad of that, and the line did good service. When John (Lord) Morley was Secretary of State for India and asked me to come to his office because I was going out to India for the *Manchester Guardian*, he actually quoted the line to me in hopes of discouraging any fond dreams of reform I might have imagined. That was twenty-four years ago, but even then I was astonished that so wise a man should have ventured upon so worn-out a *cliché*. I am quite sure that no Englishman but Mr. Winston Churchill would venture upon it now.

Kaiser Wilhelm II is not nearly so wise a man as Lord Morley was, but now and again he has had flashes of genius and true insight. One was shown nearly forty years ago in a huge picture he painted or designed, representing "The Yellow Peril" and depicting the Eastern races rushing in combination upon Europe for her destruction. That was the meeting of East and West which he foresaw, and it was to be a meeting of enormous armies at war. All Europe was to be banded together to stem the torrent of Chinese, Japanese, Indians, and Arabs united in a vast invasion, compared with which the inroads of the Huns would seem trifling. Hitherto the invasion has not taken that form. The meeting that Mr. Kipling thought would never happen has come about through the permeation of the East by Western habits and mechanics—by all that Europeans mean by Progress. And now the East, having opened its mind and its gates to Progress, is reacting against the West by a hostile competition that is revolutionary.

That revolution is the theme of Mr. Sherwood Eddy's "Challenge of the East." He writes with great personal authority. He has lived in Asia for thirty-five years, fifteen of them in India, and in the last two years he has traversed Asia twice from end to end. Few could write with greater knowledge, and very few with greater judgment and fairness. His book is a model of observation and social wisdom. So far as I personally know the countries or races which he describes, I nearly always agree with his narrative and conclusions. That may seem an egoistic test, but it is the test that we all apply when we are called upon for an opinion.

Mr. Eddy treats of seven different races or countries—India, China, Japan, Korea, the Philippines, Turkey, and Palestine. My knowledge of only three of these is personal and fairly intimate, so that I may consider his treatment of those three as types of the rest. They are India, Turkey, and Palestine, and in dealing with each of those countries his knowledge and judgment appear to me very remarkable. The problems of each concern us English people very closely, but the main problem of India is far the most difficult and the most pressing. Close before us now stands the Round Table Conference in London, which will try to effect some sort of arrangement for the life and government of a huge territory inhabited by some 370 millions of various races, speaking over 220 different languages, divided into two main bodies of hostile religions and modes of life, and the larger part subdivided again into 2,000 castes and sub-castes. I cannot believe that any nation of the past, not even Rome at the height of her power, had a problem of such complexity to solve as the English and Indians at the Round Table Conference have now set before them.

The author heads his chapter "India's Non-violent Revolution," and he quite rightly makes that enigmatic figure, Mr. Ghandhi, the centre of his picture. He gives an exact account of his past, and a memorable portrait of the man as he

*THE CHALLENGE OF THE EAST. By SHERWOOD EDDY. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1931. $2.50.

This Week

"AMERICA WEIGHS HER GOLD."
Reviewed by LEO PASVOLSKY.

"JUDITH PARIS."
Reviewed by STANLEY WENT.

"PERHAPS WOMEN."
Reviewed by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY.

"ALL YE PEOPLE."
Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS.

"IN KRUSACH'S HOUSE."
Reviewed by W. R. BURNETT.

"KINSMEN KNOW HOW TO DIE."
Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL.

"MY UNITED STATES.' '
Reviewed by M. A. DEWOLFE HOWE.

"MEN OF EARTH."
Reviewed by E. DAVENPORT.

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE CHINESE.
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Next Week, or Later

FALL ANNOUNCEMENT NUMBER.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

actually met him. It was on a "day of silence," which lasts for twenty-four hours from Sunday to Monday evening:—

"This period he spent in thought, in prayer, in meditation, or in writing before the work of the coming busy week. He smiled when he saw us and sent us a kindly little note saying he would see us when he broke his silence that evening. He appeared at first to be an almost toothless old man, thin, emaciated, with large ears and almost shaven head, his body half clad in a coarse homespun cotton cloth. His physical presence, like that of Socrates or the Apostle Paul, seemed weak and unprepossessing. Yet after the first few moments with him we never saw again those homely features. We were gazing into the depths of a great soul that seemed to shine through his whole face and figure. He moved about in the world before us but he seemed to live in God."

That amazing person, so shrewd and so saintly, is rightly described as one of the greatest personalities of our times, and certainly he is most influential for good or evil. As I write (early in September) he is fast approaching our shores, and both admiration and curiosity will ensure him such a welcome as no one of different race to ours has ever received in my lifetime. How he will behave at the Round Table, and what line he will pursue, are problems on which the future of millions, including ourselves, must depend. One can only hope that what the writer says will remain true. For he tells us that Mr. Gandhi has all along preferred what he called "substantial self-government" or Dominion Status within the Empire to independence. And it is the author's own conclusion that "in spite of the regrettable mutual distrust on both sides, India will be better off and can more safely make her great experiment in self-government within the Empire than on a basis of complete independence." He points to the appalling chaos into which China has fallen, and yet the Chinese are of one race, one written language, and one cultural tradition. The condition of India, divided against herself as we have seen, would be incalculably worse than China's, and her chaos even more bloody.

Mr. Eddy freely admits all our errors. He dwells upon the recent mistake of the Rowlatt Act and the crime of Amritsar; but yet he says "he knows of no finer instance in history of the government of one people by another." Britain, he says, has enabled a united India to know the blessings of external security and internal peace, under an honest and efficient administration. Had this not been so it would never have been possible for a small group of 165,000 British, only half of whom are officials and soldiers, peaceably to govern the millions of India.

While pointing out the extreme evils of the religious and social inferiority of woman in most classes of India (a sense of inferiority which is fast breaking down in the non-violent revolution of the present day), Mr. Eddy regards Miss Mayo's "Mother India" as having fanned to flame the antagonism of racial bitterness and hatred at a moment of political crisis. "Throughout the book," he says, "its violently anti-Indian and pro-British bias is manifest. In our opinion the book is misleading and unjust at several points." It is noteworthy that in his conclusion Mr. Eddy quotes Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, the Prime Minister, who will preside at the coming Round Table Conference, and is one of the very few of our Ministers of State who has taken the trouble to visit India and see things for himself. Writing twenty-one years ago, Mr. MacDonald said:

"Two generations ago we said we should welcome this awakening. We urged India to it; we prepared for it. Now that it has come we are afraid. It has been an attitude of friendship at first and of bitter opposition later.—The great loss to India is that this peace has been bought at the price of her own initiative. That is the real objection to all attempts to govern a country by a benevolent despotism. The governed are crushed down. They become subjects who obey, not citizens who act."

I am confident that the Prime Minister is of that opinion still. As he presides at the Round Table he will not need to be reminded of his own words.

Turkey has thrown down the "challenge" more distinctly than any other country of the East. I knew the Turks well under the Red Sultan, when I volunteered to fight against them for the Greeks, and a few years later helped to expose their abominable brutality towards their subject races. I knew them again under the brief supremacy of the "Young Turks," whom I found almost as savage, and again I knew them during the Great War when I was with our army on Gallipoli opposed by that remarkable man, Kemal Pasha, now known as the Ghazi. It is he who has accepted the challenge and transformed Turkey into a modern Western State. When I go to Turkey now I find everything transformed. The glorious old city of Constantinople lies derelict. A great modern city has grown up around the desolate hill of Angora in the marshes. The Sultanate and the Kaliphate are abolished. The Koran is not taught in the schools nor used in the law courts. The dervishes are abolished. The fez for men and the veil for women are forbidden under extreme penalties. Harems and eunuchs have gone. The old Turkish script is supplanted by the modern European, the Ghazi himself helping to teach its use. All religions are tolerated, and the Swiss code of law prevails.

Not even Russia under Lenin has accomplished so vast a revolution as Turkey under the Ghazi. Parliamentary forms are merely nominal, and the race of nearly 14,000,000 lives under the supreme dictatorship of the Ghazi himself. When he departs, no one can foretell what may happen, and I doubt whether the inborn nature of a people which has subsisted for so many centuries can be changed within ten or twenty years. With extreme barbarity, the Greeks and Armenians, the only industrial races of former times have been exterminated or exiled. All foreigners are excluded from public life, and all offices are bestowed upon Moslem Turks. Conversing the other day with our Poet Laureate, who had just returned from Angora, I found him amazed, as well he might be, at the rapidity and completeness of the transformation. But Mrs. Masefield was more dubious as to the permanence of the result, and among the mass of the race she missed the background of European Christianity, which can appeal, however vainly, to principles of brotherhood and mercy. I always feel the absence of that appeal myself; but though Mr. Eddy, I think, does not mention that sense of something wanting, I recognize his account as singularly accurate and just.

Palestine, with a country of about the size of the state of Vermont and a population under one million, looks small compared with the vast mass of China and a population of something like four hundred millions, now weltering in apparently hopeless chaos. But none the less, the problem of Palestine is one of the most difficult now confronting the British Government. For that tiny country is the Holy Land of Jews, Christians and Moslems alike, and the struggle over its possession is embittered by historical and religious feeling. Since the Balfour Declaration of 1917, saying that the British Government would regard with favor the creation in Palestine of a national home for the Jews, the Arab population has lived in fear that the Zionist movement would drive them into penury or out of the land, and the Arabs number about seven to one. Race hatred and bloody massacres of Jews have been the result. I am glad to notice that Mr. Eddy says: "It is fortunate for all concerned that the Jews and Arabs are dealing with the British Government which is the most experienced and the most impartial in the world for handling such a delicate and difficult situation." Of course I agree, but from my knowledge of the controversy on the spot, I can well realize how extremely delicate and difficult our problem is.

Of the other countries in which Mr. Eddy traces the "Challenge of the East"—namely China, Japan, Korea, and the Philippines—I cannot speak with personal knowledge. But where I can test his book for myself I have found his accounts so accurate and fair, and his judgment so sane that I cannot doubt he has dealt with the other races and their problems in the same spirit. As a whole I regard his work as being of immense value to all who watch the course of the world's history. It gives ground for anxiety, but for a hope not too like despair.

Henry W. Nevinson is one of the leading journalists of Great Britain, having been connected with several of the great papers not only in an editorial capacity but as a foreign correspondent. In the latter role he saw extensive war as well as peace service in a variety of countries. Among his many books are "The New Spirit in India," "The Dardanelles Campaign," and his autobiography "Changes and Chances."

The Gold Situation

AMERICA WEIGHS HER GOLD. By JAMES HARVEY ROGERS. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by LEO PASVOLSKY

IT is rarely that a book makes its appearance more opportunely than has this one from the point of view of the timeliness of its subject matter. Professor Rogers undertakes to give us a popular version of the gold problem, or rather of the current international gold situation which he justly characterizes as "perhaps the strangest the world has ever faced." What could be more welcome at this time, when so many people are groping after an understanding of such a major event as the British monetary explosion of September 19th?

There is much in Professor Rogers's book that is interesting and worthwhile for the general reader. His presentation of the factors involved in our international balance of payments and of the role played in it by the protective tariff policy, the movements of long-term and short-term credits, and gold shipments should be of value for the reader who is not initiated in these modern mysteries. There is also in the book some useful, though much exaggerated, criticism of many phases of our present-day economic development.

But on the gold situation itself and the vast complex of problems connected with it and growing out of it, the book, unfortunately, far from enlightening the reader, is likely to make already existing confusion more confounded. The simple reason for this is that the author himself is confused and contradictory in his basic economic analysis.

Pinning his faith to the basic teachings of the quantity theory of money and of the traditional theory of automatic price adjustments developed by the classical school of economics, Professor Rogers finds himself in the unfortunate position of attempting to explain by reference to these two theories a course of events for which the theories offer no explanation whatever. The operation of the mechanism of automatic adjustment presupposes a flexibility of the price structure. The author himself, in a rather illuminating passage, shows that whatever flexibility our price system had at the time when the founders of the classical economics devised their theory has, with time and with the more recent evolution of the capitalistic order, been largely superseded by a rigidity imposed by the operation of factors which are in no way monetary in character. Yet, having demonstrated this, he suggests, in a later part of the book, that we should somehow or other attempt to control prices by means of monetary policy.

Again, in discussing the policy of so-called "gold hoarding" on the part of the Federal Reserve System, Professor Rogers tells us that the Federal Reserve Banks have absorbed the vast amounts of gold flowing into the United States, without using them as a direct basis of new currency and credit and have thereby kept down the American commodity price level. But on the other hand, he says, "the newly received gold . . . gave rise to unparalleled monetary ease and plenty," which found its expression in the great Stock Exchange boom. There was, therefore, irrespective of the action of the Federal Reserve System, a great expansion of credit in the country. It is too bad that Professor Rogers does not tell us why the whole inflationary effect of this expansion became concentrated on the prices of securities rather than of commodities. For if the Federal Reserve System had deliberately expanded currency and credit on the basis of the incoming gold, how else could it, in accordance with the theory expounded by the author, have affected commodity prices except by making money easy and plentiful?

Professor Rogers's difficulty is that he clings tenaciously to an over-simplified explanation of phenomena the extreme complexity of which he himself recognizes through most of the book. He does this by concentrating his whole attention on the monetary factor to the exclusion of all the other forces that operate in the price-making process.

The book, especially in the denunciatory parts and in the excursion into the field of behavioristic sociology which the author makes in the chapter entitled "The Caterpillars in a Circle," is entertaining reading, if one likes a forensic style of composition of a distinctly pamphleteering variety. But on the vitally important problem which the author sets out to discuss the book decidedly sheds confusion rather than light.

Leo Pasvolsky, a member of the staff of the Brookings Institution in Washington, D. C., is an expert in economics, who has conducted investigations into and written much upon economic reconstruction.

On a Change of Style

(The Saturday Review)

"WE'RE changing our format," the Manager said:
"We'll drop you to 8-point and double the lead,
And give you a monotype Garamont head.

"A 4-column page, type of uniform size,
Is a legible treat to the customers eyes
And appeals to the publishers who advertise.

"It will simplify greatly the problem of make-up;
With line-cut and half-tone the text we will break up
And give the whole paper a livening shake-up.

"As with care and restraint does the beautiful gal use
Her rubric of lip, so typography values
Are a matter of art, and the new font we *shall* use

"Is delicate, balanced, and crisp: yes, for verification just look at each hanger and serif—
Such printing will always outdistance the Sheriff."

The new type is charming, I thought; and I too
Must try to be worth it; yes, what can I do
To cut *my* stuff deeper and clearer, more true?

Then suddenly, thrillingly, how my pride stirred—
Oh printers and proofreaders, you may have heard
That In The Beginning, John said, was The Word.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

"French publishers," says *John o' London's Weekly*," above the general chorus of gloomy grouse and lament over a wet summer, pipe a cheerful little solo of optimism. It may have been wet, they say, but because it was wet people have read more books. Two leading publishing houses in Paris are quite definite about it, estimating that sales have increased by thirty per cent, in comparison with those of a normal summer. A contemporary promptly put the question to certain English publishers, but their replies were mixed and guarded. Messrs. Hutchinson said that they enjoyed a twenty per cent increase in sales during August, and that their staff has had to work overtime. A more canny reply was that though people might possibly read more in wet weather, they stayed indoors to do it, and that meant that they read books which had already been bought and paid for. Mr. Geoffrey Bles, the publisher, answered the question with admirable dignity by remarking that if the bookselling business had improved he hoped it might be due to better books, and not to worse weather!"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Rogue Herries' Daughter

JUDITH PARIS. By HUGH WALPOLE. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by STANLEY WENT

WHEN Mr. Walpole published "Rogue Herries" two years ago there was a hint in the foreword that more was to follow, and the expectation of a sequel was quite general. With the appearance of the present volume not only is that expectation fulfilled, but the author warns us that the history of the Herries family will extend not to two volumes but to four. Thus Mr. Walpole joins the growing army of trilogists and tetralogists. He explains in a prefatory letter, addressed to "My dear Jack" (Mr. J. B. Priestley, to whom the book is dedicated), that "the story of Judith Paris may be followed without any knowledge of her father or curiosity as to her descendants," and further that "I had, more than twenty years ago, the plan of writing the history of an English family that should cover two hundred years and that should have throughout the same English scene for its centre." He adds: "This was, I think (although Mr. Galsworthy may correct me), before the later Forsytes were thought of or any suspicion of Sagas hung in the literary air." Thus Mr. Walpole lays the ground-work for his *magnum opus* and invites comparison with others who have entertained similar ambitions.

"Judith Paris" starts where "Rogue Herries" left off. Readers of that book will remember that the story concluded with the birth of a daughter to the gypsy girl whom Herries had married in his old age and the death in the same hour of the mother and of the Rogue himself. The new novel opens with the wailing of a baby, heard by little Tom Gauntry as he rode with his hounds by the Herries house. Investigating the source of the cry, he discovered the bodies of the Rogue and of his gypsy wife, an old woman drunkenly asleep in her chair, and a newly-born infant, whom he wrapped in a blanket and carried home with him. The infant was Judith, the heroine and central character of the present volume. Judith was born in 1774, and her present story carries down to the early 1920's.

The story has the diffuseness which was criticized in the previous volume and which the author feels called upon to justify in the prefatory letter already alluded to. There is a welter of characters of varying degrees of relationship to the heroine, and only the most nimble-minded reader will be able to keep the degrees of consanguinity clear in his head. Not that it is essential that he should do so, for Judith herself finds it a little difficult to define the relationship with half-nephews and nieces almost old enough to be her parents.

The trouble with Mr. Walpole's work is not so much its diffuseness as its lack of precisely those qualities which distinguished the books of the "Forsyte Saga." Somehow, though dates are frequently mentioned and occasionally great events, one fails to get the sweep and atmosphere of an era. One recognizes the latter eighteenth century, but one doesn't live in it. Nor does the reader really feel that the ramifications of the Herries family and the impact of its various members upon the life of Judith are important. As compared with the previous volume, the present story suffers from having a less interesting central character. "Rogue Herries," despite the rather massive deliberation with which the story proceeded, took on something of a definite flavor through the curious character of the old Rogue himself. Judith is intended by the author to be just as unique a character as was her father. She is small and thin, and has a pale face and abundant red hair. She is immaculately clean in a dirty age. She is quick and positive in her loves and hates. She is headstrong, and determined to master those with whom she is brought into contact. All of this the author tells us, and reiterates again and again, but somehow in following the adventures of Judith one does not feel that the facts of her life altogether bear out the conception of her which Mr. Walpole has attempted to impress upon the reader. It is as if one were always expecting Judith to live up to her reputation and being constantly disappointed of the ambitious scope of the narrative, is surprisingly well sustained. The book will doubtless command the admiration that one's imagination fails to take fire at what she actually does.

We know what Mr. Walpole is trying to do because he keeps telling us. He is attempting to show how there run through the generations of this English family the same opposing qualities of mind, the imaginative and the practical, which characterize the race. In the Rogue the two were combined, as they are in Judith, together with her gypsy inheritance. In others of the family they are separate, as in the Rogue's two grandsons of the present story, Francis the dreamer and Will the man of affairs. But the reader finds himself taking the author's word for it all rather than building up his own conception of the characters as they emerge in the narrative. One lays down the book with no such clear-cut images in his mind as one has of the various members of the Forsyte family or of those of the Rakonitz people in G. B. Stern's remarkable portrayals of that Jewish clan. And if Mr. Walpole defends his treatment, as he does in the prefatory letter to this volume, on the ground that it is romantic, not realistic, the present reviewer can only retort that in the best of imaginative literature the dividing line between romance and realism becomes properly attenuated, and that anyway when one sets out on so ambitious a project as Mr. Walpole has undertaken one will be well-advised to use the means best adapted to the enterprise.

Mr. Walpole is a skilled craftsman, and in "Judith Paris" he has written a story of considerable interest, which, in view of a large number of readers. But so far as Sagas are concerned, the position of Mr. Galsworthy is still unchanged.

Stanley Went was, precedent to his entrance into the British Army in 1915, *an editor of the New York* NATION.

Writing of Aldous Huxley, who has himself been writing of family trees, *John o' London's Weekly* says: "His family tree has its distinguished branches; indeed, the array of great names (leading down to Aldous and Julian Huxley) might well make a biologist wonder again if there is not, after all, something in this heredity. To have Thomas Henry Huxley as a grandfather on one side and Arnold of Rugby as great-grandfather on the other is a heavy responsibility. And Mrs. Humphry Ward makes quite a formidable aunt. Among other names which the chances of marriage bring in to adorn branches of trees adjacent to the Huxley tre are Lord Macaulay (grandfather of Sir George M. Trevelyan, who married a cousin of the Huxleys), with Sir Charles Trevelyan and Mr. R. C. Trevelyan, and, but very remotely in the same forest of trees, Miss Rose Maccaulay."

Machine-Made Men

PERHAPS WOMEN. By SHERWOOD ANDERSON. New York: Horace Liveright. 1931. $2.

Reviewed by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

This little book is intended to be a statement. It may be an absurd statement. It is that modern man cannot escape the machine, that he has already lost the power to escape. He has lost the power to escape because what the machine can do to men has already been done. Man has already accepted the power given him by the machine . . . as his own power. . . . He can no longer stand erect. . . . The impotence of the modern man is felt everywhere. . . . I think it is time now for women to come into power in the western world, to take over the power, the control of life.

AND by power Mr. Anderson means what D. H. Lawrence meant, not wealth, not production of goods, not busyness, not executive control, but those springs of personality and that essence of the vital that perpetuates a race, makes life profound and interesting, keeps humanity human. Lawrence saw it all as sex: —sex repressed by use and want or by mere surface activity, dried away into an intermittent appetite, the battery of the machine losing its vital fluids, and with them its power. The machine was sophisticated into an appearance of beautiful energy, but at the first hill it would stop. The spark was dead.

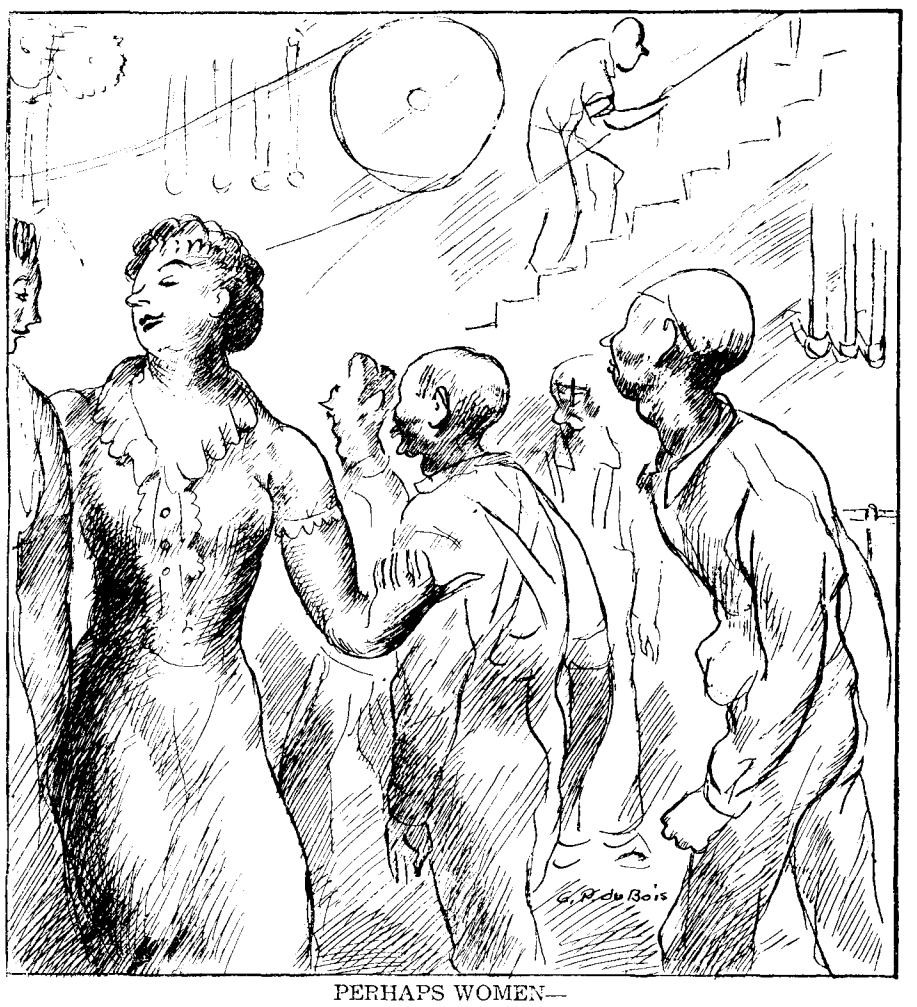
Anderson is as much of a poet as Lawrence, though he is incapable of the refinements of the Lawrentian prose. He is less of a philosopher, but, I suspect, wiser. He is an American Jeffersonian democrat, which means that he goes for his proofs to the common man, avoiding sophisticates, aliens, and intellectualists, and what he finds has therefore always been disturbing to the general reader. Sometimes, as in "Many Marriages," he risks the faintly ridiculous, as Lawrence often risked the merely sensual, but he has a mind essentially sane, an observation more penetrating than any of the younger novelists, and an adventurous expression that takes anything as a means—staccato prose, rhythmic prose, repetition, bold colloquialism, or a dialogue so closely representative of unconventional American speech that critics thinking in terms of the literary language have underestimated its importance.

Is he right? Is Lawrence right? Have machines destroyed our virility? Has the vicarious sense of power which comes with a touch upon the gas of an eight-cylinder car weakened our own self-dependence, our own control? Is it true that modern man has developed an inferiority complex of which he is scarcely aware, seeing the machine doing all things physical more neatly, more tirelessly than he can, asking more and more merely to stand by and push levers, or stand off and take profits? Is it true that the vigor which literature, as never before, is celebrating in peasants and all kinds of "powerful, uneducated people" of earlier or of unindustrialized cultures, is celebrated so ardently and so often by febrile intellectualists because we are losing it, have lost it, are hopelessly mechanized in the mass, and impotent to escape at the top, from the intricate fabric of machinery which only our engineers understand and can recreate?

No one will deny the potential truth of all these charges, and a poet deals with potential truth, and Anderson is essentially a poet. This "little book" is a poem of the cotton machines described in a moving picture of mechanic action, with explanatory captions that moralize and symbolize the whole. Whitman would have liked this book. Whitman would have believed, with Anderson, that woman, in whose womb lies birth, has a primordial power to create which puts the machine in its place. He would have celebrated the woman triumphant over the machine and I am not sure that his unflagging Utopianism would not have celebrated the machine as a new life entity also. I suspect that Whitman and Anderson are both romanticists together, and that it is neither creative woman who is going to save us, nor impotent man who is going to drag us down, but essential humanity that is now facing one of its frequent crises, when the tool for awhile performs such wonders that man cannot control it. What slaughters there must have been when the iron age began, what havoc with established human values was wrought by gunpowder!

But if Anderson is no sure prophet and this book no reliable tractate on the psychology of the machine world, there is no question of his sensitivity to the dark forces moving just under the polished, complex surfaces of modern life. He feels them, he expresses them in the loose rhythms which seem to catch better than formal prose or verse the sprawl and hurry of American life, and he has sharpened his focus and tightened his style for some pictures in this book which are likely to have life in quotation.

It is not quite his own style, and that is his weakness. It is compounded from Whitman, with a dash of Gertrude Stein, and the short-sentence, short-paragraph tricks of the American journalist. When he drops into dialogue or simple prose description, he is best. Sherwood Anderson is weakest when he is most "literary." His instinct for expression is surer than his sense of form.



PERHAPS WOMEN—
Drawn for the SATURDAY REVIEW *by Guy Pene du Bois*

History and Fiction

ALL YE PEOPLE. By MERLE COLBY. New York: The Viking Press. 1931.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

THIS is not a novel so much as a piece of slightly fictionalized social history. Probably the author began it as a historical novel. But many who make such a beginning find either that the character and action run away with the history, which comes trailing after as mere scenery or costume, or that the solid facts of the history tend to obliterate the invention. In Mr. Colby's book there are violent efforts, with much straining of language, to give life to imaginary characters and events. The spark is not there, and the story never goes careering away under its own steam. His hero, young John Bray of Vermont, supposed to be seeking love and fortune in the West and South in 1810-11, does not come to life. But the backgrouid of time and place is so fully and carefully painted, with such zest and flavor, such energy and minuteness, that the reader will easily overlook the deficiencies of the book in its imaginative aspect.

The special quality of the book, which gives it distinction in spite of its elementary plot and staccato style, is its loving and detailed antiquarianism. The author is full of enthuisasm for those days of Madison, which he makes even more picturesque than they actually were. In outline the tale is a narrative of itinerant adventure, on a studiously panoramic scale. John Bray of northern Vermont is a lad who mistakes adolescent restlessness for a call to preach the gospel, sets out for the Ohio country, almost takes up a farm there, returns to New England, and then, on the advice

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of a physician, takes his weak lungs to the sunny South. On the way westward he meets an adventurous girl, and ultimately he marries her. This simple tale lacks suspense or complexity, and obviously offers little scope for study of character. But it does furnish opportunity for the depiction of many diverse facets of the national life—New England farming scenes, western emigration, the busy little cities, the violences of the frontier, the placid aristocracy of Charleston. This is all Mr. Colby's delight. He does not care for bow-wow events of the Paul Leicester Ford-Winston Churchill order. We hear mere echoes of the Burr conspiracy, and mere premonitory rumbles of the coming war with England. But there is ample verge for setting down all the facts about vehicles, food, drink, saddle-bags, farming implements, dress, almanacs, and the endless other minutiæ of life in early republican times.

This antiquarian lore makes the book readable and informing even where its eccentricities and artificialities are most irritating. The broader strokes of the brush lack effectiveness. With all his energy, the author does not make us see the Western rush, or hear the rising murmurs of antagonism to Great Britain, or feel the contrasts between North and South. Another obvious weakness of the volume is the way in which facts are laid by the heels to be dragged before the reader. Everybody in it goes around talking social history. One man spouts the statistics of American bridges, another lists the imports of a city, a third recites the history of Indian wars in Ohio, a fourth describes the sights of Philadelphia with all the circumstantiality of a contemporary guidebook. The author himself sometimes labors rather heavily at his task.

But in spite of all this—perhaps largely because of the very frankness and courage with which he goes about the presentation of his facts—Mr. Colby has written a book that repays reading. He offers more detail on daily life and manners than McMaster's second volume and Henry Adam's first six chapters combined, and makes it more humanly interesting than formal history can ever do. He has evidently devastated whole shelves of old almanacs, travels, gazetteers, letters, and local histories. He gives us old songs and ballads; recipes for making blackstrap, for screwing a Conestoga wagon out of a mudhole, and for building an Ohio River ark; a description of a "toweling match"—that is, a battle with whips between two wagon drivers; a record of the merchandise lying on a Philadelphia wharf; and so on to the picture of South Carolina at the close. It is not a good novel. In intention it is not history at all. But it is an interesting excursion down a rambling lane lying between the two, and at times approaching history with some closeness and effectiveness.

Allan Nevins, author of the foregoing review, is professor of American history at Columbia University. He has at various times been a member of the editorial staffs of the New York Evening Post, *the* World, *and the* Sun, *and during his connection with the last-named paper served as its literary editor. He is the author of numerous books.*

Primal Simplicity

IN KRUSACK'S HOUSE. By Thames Williamson. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by W. R. Burnett
Author of "Little Cæsar"

IN spite of the depression, in spite of the movies, football, the radio, and other diversions, novels pour from the press. Everybody is writing novels and most of them are published. I often wonder, this being the case, who does the reading. Our novelists must be reading each other. Not an enviable task; for most of our novels are as carelessly written, as superficial, as trashy and ephemeral as newspapers, in spite of what the blurbs say; in spite of the weekly genius discovered by well-known critics. Spring and Fall the long-suffering bookseller is buried under an avalanche of tripe. . . . It would be very sad and very hopeless if it weren't for an occasional fine book. I've just read one: Thames Williamson's "In Krusack's House."

I was a little doubtful about reviewing this book (that is, before I had read it) as a year or two ago I had said some very unkind things about Mr. Williamson's well-known and widely-read novel "Hunky." I was asked to review it and did so, saying exactly what I thought about it. Then the storm broke. It put me in a position, being a novelist and always open to the charge of envy. Mr. Williamson himself thought my words severe and myself ignorant. A good many of his admirers resented my review violently and told me so. But I took back nothing and on rereading my review discovered that it was far from a slating, that I had praised the leading character, Jencic (who continues his adventures in Williamson's new novel) highly, comparing him to that most robust of all American fictional characters, McTeague. However, I did say that Mr. Williamson's plot was contrived not natural, that his knowledge of American slang was imperfect, and that his minor characters were wooden.

Well, as far as I can see Mr. Williamson has remedied all that. "In Krusack's House," though small in scope, is a mature and perfectly realized piece of work. The three main characters: Jencic, the stolid, virtuous, long-suffering hunky; Krusack, the cocky, semi-literate master baker; and Teena, the little strumpet who failed as a wife, are as true as life itself; they are solid breathing human beings, and their problems, their sorrows, their tiny failures and successes are those of the family next door, the people across from you on the subway: no heroics, no false sentiment, just plain everyday stress and strain; actually reduced to the implest terms.

Mr. Williamson's simplicity is not the decadent simplicity of a writer who has tried everything else and tired of it. It is the perfect clothing for this touching little story of the hunky, Jencic, who tried to found a home, tried to make a happy and contented wife out of a little tart who belonged in a dance hall. Jencic, huge, powerful, slow and simple as a child is strange in American fiction; stranger even than McTeague. He belongs to that vast foreign population that the average American does not pay any attention to; is practically unaware of. His roots are in Europe; he does not think like an American; he has respect for constituted authority, does not and never can comprehend the corrupt, fast-moving, irrational civilization of which he is a humble part. Krusack, Jencic's pal, with his quick, limited mind, his jumbled ideas, his mouthing of socialistic theories he doesn't understand, is more typical of our foreign population, but is by no means a type. He is real from beginning to end and is in fact a very fine humorous character, for whom Jencic is a perfect foil.

In "Hunky" Mr. Williamson's style was somewhat vague, and he often wandered from the point or used unnecessary words or incidents. In this new novel his style is purely objective, his rare images correct and concrete. His objectivity is not the sharp, bright, and empty objectivity currently popular; it has body to it and at no time calls attention to itself. In fact it is style in the correct sense of the word; not verbal acrobatics, not a search for beautiful words, not that slushy "fine writing" so praised by professors and under-educated alike, and mistaken for "style," but a quiet, unobstrusive medium through which the story unfolds.

In spite of his objectivity, his impersonality, however, Mr. Williamson's sympathies are seen to be with the big child, Jencic. Krusack is treated entirely from an objective point of view; you can take him or leave him. The minor characters likewise. But Jencic is the author's pet and if there is a flaw in this book, that is it. The story is really about Jencic's marriage and his life with Teena, who is, in every way, unsuited to the rôle of wife. And of course there are thousands of Teenas in real life. But at times the reader has the uncomfortable feeling that the author is too indulgent to Jencic, who after all, is so dumb that you want to shake him, and too severe with Teena. This, I say, to my way of thinking, is the one flaw in the book; and a small one.

It is a relief, after the tons of so-called sophisticated fiction dealing with "modern girls" and their "problems" or with drunken expatriates of the "My-Gawd-Ain't-Life-Awful" school, to read the quietly told story of a normal man of almost primal simplicity. I know of no contemporary American capable of conceiving and executing Mr. Williamson's life-size portrait of Jencic, who is of the stature of Hamsun's Izaak in "Growth of the Soil" and of McTeague.

If "In Krusack's House" isn't a fine novel then I don't know what a fine novel is. Mr. Williamson has made a real contribution to American letters—which can stand a few contributions.

Russia That Is No More

THE KINSMEN KNOW HOW TO DIE. By Sophie Botcharsky and Florida Pier. New York: William Morrow and Co. 1931. $3.

Reviewed by Arthur Ruhl

THE lady who now writes as Mme. Botcharsky was a young Russian girl living on her family's estate when the war broke out. Almost at once she enlisted in the Red Cross, and as soon as she had had her war-nurse's training, went to the front in the Duma's own unit, and served as a nurse all through the war and down into the chaos of the revolution.

The stuff of all such books of recollections is, in the nature of things, largely the same. Wounds and suffering were alike on all fronts. The record of any sensitive woman's day to day experiences is choked with a similar horror and pity, and despair at the senselessness of the slaughter. The significance of any new record, after so many others have already appeared, lies, therefore, rather in incidental backgrounds and sidelights and in the contributions of the author's own personality.

It is in the Russian-ness that Mme. Botcharsky's story is important. She is the stepdaughter of Harold Williams, a cultivated Englishman who made the Russia of pre-war days his own second country. He wrote that very sympathetic and intelligent "Russia of the Russians," shortly before the war; married a Russian lady active in pre-war liberal Russian politics; served as correspondent and in the British press bureau during the war; and after the revolution became a foreign editor for the London *Times*. Few foreigners were in closer touch with what, in those pre-revolutionary days, was regarded by most interested Westerners as the "best" in Russia.

Politics and controversy are absent from Mme. Botcharsky's story. It keeps, with uncommon restraint, to the business in hand, and yet one assumes that, young girl though she was when the war started, she was actively aware of and interested in much that went over the head of the average young lady of her class. And this background, implied rather than expressed, adds its own interest to a human story, told, with the help of the collaborator, Florida Pier, with unusual warmth and beauty.

There are occasional pictures here of men, officers, doctors, orderlies, whose weakness, spiritual confusion, and general uselessness, will fill the average western reader with a mixture of bewilderment and fury. No wonder there was a revolution, you will say! But the Russia that was real to the volunteer nurse of the book, was that at once enlightened and old-fashioned Russia in which a lingering feudalism and ancient religious ritual seemed, in favorable lights, to add a certain warmth and fragrance to life which the industrialized West had largely lost; the Russia of the young Guardsmen, who galloped out against modern artillery and machine-guns with the light-hearted gallantry of medieval knights; of the skilful surgeon who served devotedly throughout the war and still, so the author tells us, is practicing his profession in one of the Soviet villages; of the peasant soldiers, who fought stubbornly on, whether or not guns and ammunition came up, and went to their death with a childlike trust.

Did the peasant of those pre-war and early-war days, in whose healthy body and untroubled faith there resided, in the minds of Russians like the author, a certain mystical wisdom which would eventually be the saving of Russia, ever really exist? It is the fashion nowadays to shrug at this belief, as it is to smile ironically at the once-idealized American pioneer. Gone he seems to be now, at any rate, however real he may have been to a Tolstoy, for example, and to many, like the author of this book, in whose hands, before the war, seemed to lie the task of building the bridge between Russia and the West.

There is a chapter here on an Easter Night at the front—an altar, ikons, lighted candles in the forest; colored Easter eggs and that Russian Easter mixture of white cheese, eggs, sugar, and cream; priests, soldiers, officers, nurses, mingling in a uniquely Russian family party, kissing each other and saying "Christ has risen!" with the answer "Christ has risen, indeed!" A picture beautiful and unreal—though it could actually exist as late as 1916—and touched now with the nostalgia of youth passed, dreams lost, and things that can never again be.

Contrasted with the highly organized western fronts, there was sometimes an air almost of another century about the Russian front. Endless lines of little peasant carts frequently took the places of motor lorries; the movements of troops suggested, occasionally, the migrations of peoples. Something of this comparative simplicity is felt in the description of the great retreat of 1915, when Russia's whole line of frontier forts were abandoned, and of life at the front in the latter half of the narrative. The Red Cross sisters seem to have seen a good deal of the young officers of the unit to which they were attached. A wife watches her pilot husband fly up to his death. The author's fiancé was shot down behind the German lines and only restored to her months after he had been given up for lost. Along with the perennial tragedy of the hospital wards and dressing-stations, we have, therefore, a constant accompaniment of more or less tragic romance.

The story runs down into the demoralization of the army and the outskirts of the Bolshevik revolution and then jumps to a brief epilogue in emigré Paris. Even here, there is no wordy wrangling or the usual repining. With the same crispness and admirable restraint which characterize the rest of the book, the author merely gives a glimpse of herself working in a chemical laboratory in sight of Sacre Cœur, mentions two or three of the old friends of the unit, and stops. The whole narrative combines a Russian absence of sentimentality with deep and vivid feeling and sends its light well beyond its hospital walls into a Russia that is no more.

Arthur Ruhl, at present one of the dramatic critics of the New York Herald Tribune, is one of the outstanding newspaper correspondents of America. At various times he has served his journals in Russia and the Baltic States, and from 1922-23 was with the American Relief Administration in Russia. He is the author of numerous books.

A Balanced Ration for a Week's Reading

ALL YE PEOPLE. By Merle Colby. *Viking.*

A novel whose hero epitomizes the spirit which in the early 1800 carried New England to the Middle West. So faithful in its portrayal of conditions as to be almost as much history as fiction.

THE REDISCOVERY OF JONES. By Simeon Strunsky. *Little, Brown.*

A defense of the Average American by one of the most kindly of our satirists.

MEN OF EARTH. By Russell Lord. *Longmans, Green.*

"Forty farm men and women of various types, with their problems, here pass in review."

The Saturday Review
of Literature
Henry Seidel Canby.....*Editor*
Amy Loveman..*Managing Editor*
William Rose Benèt
Contributing Editor
Christopher Morley
Contributing Editor
Noble A. Cathcart....*Publisher*

Published weekly by the Saturday Review Co., Inc., Henry Seidel Canby, President; Roy E. Larsen, Vice-President; Noble A. Cathcart, Secretary-Treasurer, 25 West 45th Street, New York. Subscription rates per year, postpaid, in the U. S. and Mexico, $3.50; in Canada, $5; in Great Britain, 18 shillings; elsewhere, $4.50. All business communications should be addressed to 25 West 45th Street, New York. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 1, 1879. Vol. 8 No. 12.
The Saturday Review is indexed in the "Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature."

Copyright, 1931, by the Saturday Review Co., Inc.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Intimate Memories

MY UNITED STATES. By FREDERIC JESUP STIMSON. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1931. $3.50.

Reviewed by M. A. DEWOLFE HOWE

EARLY in this autobiographical volume Mr. Stimson tells the story of his youthful appearance as a "supe" in Lohengrin, when he was deputed, alone on the stage, to fill two wooden pails at a papier-maché fountain, and, having gone through the motions of so doing, with orchestral accompaniment, found one of the ancient buckets, of course quite empty, falling to pieces in his hand, to the rapturous applause of a hitherto unresponsive audience. This is by no means the only recorded instance of frustration—not always taken so lightly by the narrator. He implies, for example, that at the beginning of the Wilson administration a different response to a suggestion from Bryan might have placed him in the post from which Lansing proceeded to the Secretaryship of State: "So close are our slips from greatness." While he was Ambassador to Argentina a few years later he was actively instrumental in bringing that country into the League of Nations only to be told by President Irigoyen, "'You got me into the boat—and now you have stepped out of it.' I could only say that I was wrong." At the very end of his story he quotes with sympathy the remark of a friend, that every cause they stood for had been lost, and says for himself, "Save Wilson's and Cleveland's election, every political movement I have been in has failed." The upshot of the whole matter for him is that "If I am not right, my United States is!"

What, then, is to be got from Mr. Stimson's book? In its pre-war pages the interest is primarily personal, and the idiom in which the whole book is written—an idiom highly colored by parentheses of humorous intent—may also be designated as so personal that the extent of a reader's response to it is bound to depend upon his response to the personality and the concerns that furnish forth the story. Readers lacking a special interest or curiosity with respect to the author will trouble themselves with fewer reservations of this nature when they come to "Part Two: The United States from Without." It should not go unsaid, however, that in Part One some excellent bits of reminiscence—none better than those relating to Theodore Roosevelt and Charles W. Eliot—will be found.

Mr. Stimson is a Massachusetts Democrat. At the time of his greatest political activity it used to be said that the Democratic Party in Massachusetts was made up of Harvard College and the slums. Of these two components, Mr. Stimson was conspicuously a representative of the first. A graduate of the College and Law School, a founder of the *Lampoon*, a law partner of President Lowell before, and after, each of them became a professor in the College, a writer of popular novels and learned law books, a Bostonian with an exceptional first-hand knowledge of the whole country and of Europe, indeed a cosmopolite of broad acquaintance with persons and places, and withal a consistent Democrat in politics—he possessed at the outbreak of the World War an equipment of experience well calculated to make him useful to the Wilson administration. The post to which the President appointed him, in September 1914, was that of the first United States Ambassador to Argentina—a post he continued to hold until the inauguration of President Harding on March 4, 1921.

The first few chapters of the second part of the book describe the experiences of Mr. Stimson and his wife when they made a complicated escape from Germany in August, 1914—vivid experiences vividly pictured. They form a notable contribution to the history of the period in its impact upon practised but impressionable travellers. The official neutrality required of our Ambassador to Argentina before we entered the war was only the more difficult for Mr. Stimson by reason of those experiences, and they must have intensified his anti-German feeling even when the ban upon the expression of personal sentiments was removed. When Mr. Stimson comes to record his observations as Ambassador it is fortunate that he permits himself to depart from his avowed intention to write primarily for the amusement of the reader, and not to "make public many things that should, at least for one generation, remain secret." Obviously one can only guess at how much has been held back; but there is no lack in freedom in discussing North and South American relations, the punctilio of the Argentines in their official manners, the shortcomings of North American manners, both official and commercial, in dealings with South Americans. William of Wykeham's "manners makyth men" is a cardinal principle of Mr. Stimson's philosophy, and in Buenos Aires there were constant opportunities to put it into practice, with an evident relish. The manners of our own State Department, frequently designated as "It," especially in the matter of inattention to ambassadorial letters, were as irritating to Stimson in Argentina as to Page in England, though of course the problems in Buenos Aires were of less immediate import to the war than those in London. Yet it was through a cable message from Wilson to Mr. McAdoo, in Buenos Aires, that Mr. Stimson was convinced of the President's determination, immediately on the sinking of the *Sussex*, to array the United States against Germany; and in the whole reverberating *"spurlos versenkt"* episode Mr. Stimson was in a position to observe, with exceptional clarity, what was passing between Buenos Aires and Berlin.

Thus in various particulars the book contributes intimate bits of record to the history of recent times. Its title of "My United States" is derived from the author's pride in having "lived in every state of the Union but one," and an eloquent Fourth of July speech made in Buenos Aires, and here reproduced at length from the report of it in a local newspaper, validates the author's claims to an extended Americanism. There are nevertheless those outside, and perhaps within, his native state of Massachusetts who will smile at his declaration, "It may cost more to live in the old Bay State, but it is worth more!"

M. A. De Wolfe Howe has since 1929 *been consultant in biography to the Library of Congress. He was at one time assistant editor of the* ATLANTIC MONTHLY *is the author of numerous books, and the editor of many others.*

Men of the Soil

MEN OF EARTH. By RUSSELL LORD. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1931. $3.

Reviewed by E. DAVENPORT
Dean Emeritus,
Illinois University, College of Agriculture

THIS is a good book, well written and decidedly out of the ordinary as to contents. You may not agree with all the ideas expressed by the author and the forty or more characters he introduces but nobody beginning this book will throw it aside nor can he read its three hundred pages without having his ideas both sharpened and broadened.

It is a book about agriculture and the people who live by the land. The chapter on deflation alone is worth any man's three dollars and the time it takes to read it whether the man be a farmer, a city business man, a statesman (polite term for a politician), or whether he be a gentleman of leisure. In any case he will find material here that no paper or journal would print if one may judge by what has been printed the past few years and by the rejected manuscripts that lie piled in the bottom drawer of the desk in my own study.

Withal, there is a remarkably full and well classified index in two sections, one of names, the other of subjects, making the contents instantly and certainly available. From the printer's standpoint the volume leaves nothing to be desired, either in paper, press work, or binding.

The author was born in a small town in Maryland but went to the land as a lad of eleven when his father acquired and operated a small farm in addition to his regular business. He grew up on this farm attending a nearby school and became indoctrinated with the passion for vocational education, a passion which somewhat modified itself under later experiences but, nevertheless, has evidently stayed with him as a kind of impelling force.

In good time he graduted from Cornell in the agricultural course and went to the war as did many of his age. Returning, he spent some time in the Extension Service, then turned to agricultural journalism and is now on the staff of the *Country Home*. I speak of this background because we farmers always like to know what kind of an animal wrote the book that we take time to read, for we are a busy people and a bit economical of time and thinking.

As a representative of the *Country Home*, or rather in the capacity of an agricultural journalist in their employ, the author travelled extensively over the United States, visiting and talking with a great variety of actual farmers of all sorts and conditions as to sucess and as to outlook, exhibiting inevitably,

FARM COUNTRY
FROM A WOODCUT BY LANKES
(Courtesy, Doubleday, Doran & Co.)

all sorts of philosophies of life. The author has succeeded remarkably well in making each character stand out in its own perspective.

The book is, first of all, a rough cross-section of American farm life and of the kind of men and women that make up the bulk of country folk as distinct from those of the city. The analysis of these differences is by no means the least of the many charms of the volume.

About forty different characters cross the stage and do their stuff, some briefly, others more at length, but all adequately to portray the different types they represent. Of course, there is no such thing as "the Farmer," and even these forty types fall far short of exhausting the list. But so carefully are they chosen, and so faithfully portrayed, that the effect is fairly representative, ranging as they do from Pierre Lafargue, a French peasant of the type known to the author during the Great War, at one extreme, to M. L. Wilson, Master of Science on a Montana wheat farm, at the other.

Pierre is a little man of sixty. "Almost gnomelike; he can't be an inch over five feet." His family had been on the same sixty-acre hill farm for over seven hundred years when Columbus discovered America, and they are there yet. All his work is done by hand, except that his plows are pulled by teams of cows. (Cows are better than oxen, for they can reproduce themselves.) Pierre has never been to a real city; "Big cities are bad places for country people."

Wilson is manager of a group of tenant-purchaser farmers in Montana working on holdings ranging from 800 to 3,000 acres. Both are wheat farmers. Pierre, working mostly by hand, works three hours to produce a bushel. Wilson's tenants, working with "iron hands," will, under the best of conditions produce it in the equivalent of three minutes of man labor. Between these extremes are all gradations as to size of farm and character of crop, ranging all the way from corn, wheat, rice, and cotton to terrapin, gold fish, and water lilies. All but Pierre are Americans, or rather are farming in America, north, east, west, or south.

Some are native stock, ranging from the Indian to the "down-easter," while in others the French, German, or other foreign blood prevails. Protestant, Catholic, and Jew, Wilson has them all. Most of them are succeeding in a way at least fairly satisfactory to themselves, for big money is not the first aim of any of the types that naturally seek the land. All complain of taxes beyond the point of fairness and believe that farm relief will have an uphill job of it because farmers are now in the minority and city people are interested above all things else in cheap food and are bent on having it at whatever cost to the farmer.

The author pays warm and just tribute to the little known and less appreciated contributions of the Indian to the agriculture of America and the world. The Negro does not figure in the picture except as a disappearing factor in cotton production.

One chapter deals splendidly and sanely with the pioneer period, first of the timberlands, next of the prairie, then of the range, and finally of the "last frontier," only this frontier is on the high prairie in eastern Colorado. Irrigation and irrigation farming are not in the list, which stops at the Rocky Mountains, presumably because in the far West distinctive types are not yet so definitely developed.

Some of the characters chosen are essentially animal breeders, while others are just as distinctively devoted to crop improvement. Soil fertility is seldom absent from the consciousness and marketing bulks large with most, especially those who are developing specialties.

Women as farmers' wives hold an important place in the text; a questionnaire was sent out by *Country Home* to its million or more readers. In this way the attempt was made to learn the views of country people upon a number of current questions with the result that farm folk differ among themselves as do other people on almost every question, but especially along the lines of a strong leaning to conservatism and the old moralities. All of which confirms the dictum of an old Ohio pioneer who averred that "The's jest as much difference in folks as they is in anybody."

One especially good chapter, entitled Attendants and Outriders, deals with those men and women who are engaged in agricultural work but not as actual farmers. The twenty-five thousand specialists in the U. S. Department of Agriculture come under this head as do the hundreds of state extension workers.

White collar farmers they may be called, though such a collar can be found on but few of them when in action. But white collar farmers or not, these are the "outriders" who first detect impending danger to crops or livestock as they are the first to call attention to the latest developments from the experiment stations. Taken as a whole, from the State Agricultural Colleges to the Federal Department of Agriculture with the coöperative extension service between we have here such a force for agricultural progress as no other government on earth ever attempted to organize and support. The founders held it sound public policy to tax all the people for the development of their agriculture on the ground that, in the last analysis, agriculture is a public industry and the proper use of the lands of the public domain is a matter of universal concern.

The chapter on Merchant Farmers deals with a class of producers quite out of the ordinary. They may engage in a collection of novelties or they may stress a single product around which everything else is made to revolve—any kind of farming, indeed, in which salesmanship is the principal factor in winning success.

The last chapter might be called Engineering Farming, for it deals with the whole question of farm management on a large scale by introducing the reader to those who are doing it with success. It is a kind of farming by proxy that has been forced upon large land owners and trust companies and is being tried out also as a means toward individual ownership by the tenant. As one example, Jim Dowell, living in Champaign, Illinois, farms 8,890 acres and has a hand in 11,000 more. That is to say, he "runs forty-one farms, sprawled in large patches over two counties." Within the lot are the 2,500 acres of the B. F. Harris estate.

From here the author jumps to the Mississippi Delta, where a large scale cotton producer has run off 150 Negro families and substituted fourteen huge tractors. Of course it has largely dehumanized production with him, though it has not done so in the case of Dowell in the Corn Belt, where the actual operations are in the hands of tenants who have the benefit of skilled advice free of cost.

The book closes with the "experiment" being conducted by M. L. Wilson, previously mentioned. Declining a proposition to manage a 100,000 acre wheat producing unit for the Soviets, he is giving his time to what might be called Supervised Farming in which the tenant is grub staked for a start and his farming is supervised till he pays out and perhaps as much longer as he is willing to pay the cost.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Without Shallow

SHAKESPEARE VERSUS SHALLOW. By LESLIE HOTSON. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1931. (Atlantic Monthly Press Publication.) $4.

Ein Strahl der Dichtersonne fiel auf sie,
So hell, dass er Unsterblichkeit ihr lieh.

SO (I think) runs the doggerel couplet that marks the grave of Goethe's early sweetheart; and the idea recurs naturally in relation to the figures discussed in Professor Hotson's new book and in relation to the author. It is a single new ray of Shakespearean light, emanating from two lines of bad legal script in a Queen's Bench roll of 1596, that directs and justifies the volume. Any fresh crumb of biographical fact about Shakespeare would be, of course, ample to ensure a record searcher's immortality: such are the blue ribbons of research. But Professor Hotson has been singularly fortunate in the richness of the implications suggested by the sentence he has uncovered at the Public Record Office; and, as usual, he has been singularly deft and thorough in developing them. If he does not carry critical readers the whole way to some of his conclusions, he may be assured of their envy at his resourcefulness in conjecture and their gratitude for that part of his argument which he has made cavil-proof.

What we now learn is that in the latter part of 1596 a certain William Wayte sought securities of the peace, "for fear of death" as the phrase went, against William Shakespeare, Francis Langley, Dorothy Soer, and Anne Lee, and that a writ of attachment was consequently issued to the Sheriff of Surrey (the county in which lay Southwark and the Bankside). The two women involved mean nothing as yet, for Mr. Hotson has found only shadowy clues to their identity; but luck was greatly with him in joining with Shakespeare in the list of Wayte's alleged threateners the name of Francis Langley, owner of the manor of Paris Garden and of the famous Swan Theatre on the Bankside. This—together with the circumstance that the writ issued in Surrey—enables him to suggest with a high degree of probability two important data in Shakespeare's biography, one hitherto unprovable, the other unsuspected: That Shakespeare had already in 1596 (as Malone asserted without citing his proof) removed his residence from the region of the older theatres near Bishopsgate to the new theatrical section across the Thames; and that he and his company occupied the Swan Theatre in the hitherto blank period of its career before February 21, 1597, when the Pembroke Company took it over.

This is quite enough to mark the book as essential to any Shakespearean's equipment. It contains, however, a great deal more pertaining to the "Shallow" in its title: admirable new material concerning which my only doubt is its relevance to Shakespeare. Following up his discovery of Wayte's petition against Shakespeare and Langley, Professor Hotson came upon a balancing entry, only a few weeks earlier, of a petition by Langley for securities of the peace against Wayte and William Gardiner. This, though not mentioning Shakespeare, shows that the threats were mutual, and—if there is anything in documentary chronology—that they started with Shakespeare's opponents. More important is the introduction into the arena of William Gardiner, concerning whom Mr. Hotson speedily learned an enormous deal. An appendix of "Gardiner Documents" reproduces or summarizes 252 different papers relating to the life and activities of William Bardiner (1531?-1597), J. P. of Bermondsey by Southwark, local magnate, money-lender, engrosser of real estate, and churchwarden (for churchwardens have presided over Mr. Hotson's studies with strange persistency). There thus emerges that rare and most desirable thing, a full-length documented record of the life of a successful Elizabethan business man. One needs some actual experience in such work to appreciate the ardors that Professor Hotson went through, and engagingly describes, in developing this part of his task. He has been amply rewarded by what he found, and I think that Justice Gardiner as he stands forth in the appendix of this book must be added to the very small gallery of ordinary Elizabethans whom we can fairly know—along with the figures in another book which had its origin in the documents of the Public Record Office, Hubert Hall's "Society in the Elizabethan Age."

Gardiner, Mr. Hotson shows, was the stepfather of William Wayte and the controlling force behind Wayte's actions. Moreover, at the very time that Wayte was demanding assurances of protection against Langley and Shakespeare, Gardiner was prosecuting three indecisive suits against Langley for slander; and the next year, the last of Gardiner's life, he was one of the justices empowered by the Privy Council to carry out the order for closing the theatres on the Bankside.

The stage is thus well set for the drama of Shakespeare and Langley against Gardiner and Wayte, and the circumstances leading to this conflict of the theatre men with the churchwarden-justice of peace and his minion can be plausibly, though not positively, conjectured. I think, though, that in two respects Mr. Hotson has overdramatized the situation. First, in presenting Gardiner as the malignant villain of the piece, a bloated devourer of widows and orphans and an incorrigible liar and swindler. Not that the churchwarden was innocent in these respects when judged by enlightened business ethics: to say that he made a large fortune under Tudor conditions by money lending and transactions in landed property is almost enough to condemn him. But the picture of unrelieved villainy which Mr. Hotson draws is too little in accord with the successful issue of most of his lawsuits and the honorable position he maintained through life, and is based too much upon unsifted testimony of his legal opponents, to carry full weight when one considers the lengths of rhetorical vituperation that sixteenth-century litigants were allowed. To call one's adversary "a man fraught with fraud and subtlety," to assert that his suit has been forged only "to the intent to vex and molest" one's innocent self "without any just matter or cause reasonable," to say that he "little or nothing cared to forge a writing [more] than he did to take the cup and drink," to dub him (churchwarden though he might be) "a man inclined to strange opinions" and "of so devilish opinion that he thought there was no god," and to describe whatever he did as done "very craftily, falsely, and unconscionably": these flourishes were certainly very common in the full-mouthed legal language of the day—as common as was the statement that homicide was occasioned by diabolical instigation and the victim of every paltry scuffle so injured "that his life was despaired of."

The phrases I have quoted above and others quoted by Professor Hotson are all used of Gardiner by his opponents at law; but my impression is that few Elizabethans passed through a really animated lawsuit (and what Elizabethan escaped?) without suffering similarly. On the other hand we have the deposition of John Miller of Gardiner's parish of St. Mary Magdalen, Bermondsey, leather-seller, aged fifty-one, that he had known Gardiner for forty years and that "the said William Gardiner is reputed and accounted amongst his neighbors to be of good and honest conversation, and to be a just and true man in his words, promises, and challenges." For aught that I can see in the evidence this is no more mendacious than what was alleged to the contrary, and it seems to be the opinion that the unprejudiced public worked on; for Gardiner was thrice elected sheriff, retained his churchwardenship and justiceship (of the Quorum) till death relieved him, and when he died his body lay a month in state while William Camden, Clarenceux King-of-Arms, organized a gorgeous heraldic funeral. My own inference from the documents is that I should not wish to trade horses, borrow money, or deal in real estate with Justice Gardiner; but that Professor Hotson has stretched the evidence he has presented us when he speaks of "Gardiner's shameless and persistent lies and perjuries in courts of law" and concludes that "his execrable memory hung on in the minds of those whom he had oppressed and ruined."

Professor Hotson argues—and this is the second point at which I can't agree—that Shakespeare's hostility to Justice Gardiner caused the poet to satirize him as Justice Shallow in the second part of "Henry IV" and in "The Merry Wives of Windsor"; and he adds the corollary that these plays were produced before Gardiner's death in 1597. This is extremely interesting, but I can see no affinity between Gardiner and Shallow except that each was a landowner and justice of peace. Indeed the insistence upon Gardiner's malignity seems to me to injure rather than promote any claim to be the prototype of Shallow. Could Shakespeare's righteous indignation against a "faithless malefactor of great wealth" ever have resulted in the creation of Shallow? Only, I should think, on the assumption that the dramatist has reflected life topsy-turvy and transposed black and white after the manner of a photographic negative. Who otherwise could detect in Shallow the caricature of a clever knave, or in Gardiner the suggestion for an amiable fool?

The identity of Gardiner and Shallow, Professor Hotson thinks, is clinched by his discovery that the former quartered the well known Lucy arms, the three white luces. This Gardiner did in the right of his first wife, daughter of Robert Luce, or Lucy, of London. The arms are the same as those of the Warwickshire Lucies except for a trefoil "slipped for difference"; and Mr. Hotson has shown that they were impaled with the Gardiner arms at the Justice's elaborate funeral and also quartered on the communion goblet which Gardiner presented by his will to the parish church of St. Mary Magdalen, Bermondsey (where it is still in use). Therefore, it is argued, the joke about Shallow's arms at the opening of the Folio text of "The Merry Wives" ("the dozen white luces in their coat," etc.) alludes to Gardiner and not Sir Thomas Lucy of Charlecote. The Lucy arms, however, were frequently quartered in the heraldry of the day; e. g., as Mr. Hotson points out, on the coats of the Earls of Bedford and of Sussex. And since Gardiner had arms of his own that would have identified him for every connoisseur, what point was there in referring to those which for ceremonial occasions only he might add in a subordinate way by right of a wife dead twenty years before?—even if Shakespeare had chanced to know who the first Mistress Gardiner was. The heaviest load of conjecture that the coincidence will safely bear is, I believe, that the display of the Lucy impalement at Justice Gardiner's flamboyant funeral may have brought back to Shakespeare's attention the particular bit of heraldic imagery with which as a boy he had been most familiar. But after all, when his cue was to talk of the armorial pretensions of a bucolic snob, what arms could have come so naturally to the poet's mind as those of Lucy of Charlecote?

Tucker Brooke, professor of English at Yale, was a Research Associate in the Huntington Library from 1928-29. He is the general editor of the Yale Shakespeare, and the author of a number of books among which are "The Shakespeare Apocrypha," and "Shakespeare's Plutarch."

Frustrated Adam

EDEN TREE. By WITTER BYNNER. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50. 1931.

Reviewed by LOUIS UNTERMEYER

AT the age of fifty, Witter Bynner in an attempt at a synthesis of himself and his work, offers his most distinguished and his most disquieting book. "Eden Tree" is a long poem which takes up the poetic thread where "The New World" left it. "The New World" was Bynner years ago; in it the young poet sang his starlit ardors, celebrated a divine democracy, and, in the memory of his Celia, apostrophized an ideal no less desirable for being unattainable. The approach was direct; the tone ingratiating if reminiscent; the method simple and straightforward. In "Eden Tree" all is changed. The approach is by way of fantasy running, at times, to phantasmagoria; the tone troubled with self-contradictions; the method is confused and confusing. Maturity has brought neither solace nor solution to the young idealist of "The New World." His visions are, by turns, tragic illuminations and nightmare distortions. In them he sees Celia as a maternal Eve from whose domestic care he revolts. All other women, however, prove to be Lilith—she of "the lying, thieving, slaying earth"—and men are measured by their approximation to David and Jonathan. This other passion, Whitman's "adhesive" love, becomes the intensification of the lover's aloneness.

. . . Women have need
Of Adam and his seed;
But men, when men love Adam, are the touch
Of God's hand on Adam. There is much
To be told about this that Eve would rather not hear. . . .
It is something real,
With no generation or brood:
It is the seal
Of double solitude.

The end, therefore, is solitude, though the protagonist identify himself with Adam or David or Apollo or Christ. Self-expelled from Eden, self-flayed, self-crucified, the hero makes demands on our pity. But we withhold the full sharing we gladly extend to figures in tragedy. Here there is no catharsis, no triumph in defeat—only a series of surrenders and self-reproaches. The tragedy is in the frustration.

EDEN TREE
From a picture by Pico de Mirandola

Thus the semi-realistic narrative is personal rather than (as the Adam passages would imply) universal. It is not, in the words of the jacket, "a philosophy of life at fifty," but a confession. As a confession, however, it is compelling. The pictures are sharp; the phrasing is firm where representation is sought, elusive where sliding surfaces are evoked; the mood between clear perception and cloudy subconsciousness is skilfully maintained. A new Witter Bynner speaks through the poet's appraisals: the treacheries of emotion and the need of loneliness. "Eden Tree" is his most interesting work. It is an impassioned, an impressive book; it just misses being a great one.

The Easiest Way

(*Continued from page* 181)

theme in his last serial in an American magazine), to the lone woman fighting for independence and safety, and (lately) to the inhibited when they break through inhibitions. In England, a theme used instinctively by Kipling, and with conscious artifice by Priestley in his long novels, is the burst of realization when all the characters see how utterly English and likable and racy and good-hearted they are. It gets its stock reaction, as the current English popularity of Priestley shows, although there are other reasons for his greater success at home. One finds the same reaction with a different accent played for in French fiction. We are still too heterogeneous to make it flash easily here.

These stock reactions are very human—it is impossible to write much without touching them off. But when the writer begins to try to touch them off, then his decline begins, then he follows the easiest way. Then a book with perhaps plenty of excellences of its own is written to throw the reader into a dream into which he fits as much of the novelist's material as happens to fit his particular glamour. The temptation thus to play upon the public's stock reactions seems to be almost irresistible to the successful popular novelist. And practically every headliner in our magazines for the million—especially the finest who have standards from which to decline—show signs of damage, running all the way to downright decadence of character and plot, due to dependence upon the conventionalized imaginative reactions of the readers.

Perhaps there is no escaping if writers will write for the millions and for a million, but that is by no means sure. Perhaps in the economic future, as in the immediate economic present, there will be less high-pressure advertising, which will mean less circulation, less money paid for a guaranteed popularity, and thus a more successful resistance by the artistic conscience. If the easiest way becomes less profitable, it will be less crowded.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Goodly Company

COMPANIONS ON THE TRAIL. By Hamlin Garland. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by Amy Loveman

MR. GARLAND'S "A Son of the Middle Border," with the acceptance of which for publication the present chronicle closes, initiated a triad of books which in effect constitute a saga of American pioneering. The new volume from his pen, like that which immediately preceded it, "Roadside Meetings," while still trekking back and forth from Middle West to East, has nothing of general historical interest to it, but is an intensely personal narrative, compounded, indeed, in great part, of jottings from Mr. Garland's diaries interwoven with later memories of persons and places. It is packed with the names of the famous and near-famous, shot through with swift characterizations and bits of conversation, and necessarily, in view of its origin, chatty rather than searching. There were few members of the literary and artistic worlds of New York and Chicago whom Mr. Garland did not meet in the years between 1900 and 1917 of which he writes, and they flit in and out of his pages, some of them making a single appearance, others entering again and again.

There is, for instance, the Roosevelt of the White House, eager, vivid, the courteous host at a reception in which the tawny-haired Paderewski played as never more magnificently, the Roosevelt of Sagamore Hill, relaxing from the presidential labors, "quite happy and fairly bulging with physical power; his shirt, a blue negligee, rumpled, no vest, his tie sadly crumpled"; the Roosevelt of the Progressive Convention in Chicago, talking to a friend of hangbird nests while all about him the politicians seethed in excitement, and the Roosevelt who discussed with eagerness books, and pioneering, and the Far West. There is the young Kipling, of whom Edward Bok said to Mr. Garland, "he is a stern youth, but streaked with gentleness all through, a big boy in some ways and a prodigious genius in others." There is Mr. Bok himself, and his fellow editors of the *Ladies' Home Journal* and the *Saturday Evening Post*, who frankly declared: "We are out for circulation. We are hot after the stuff which the people — our people — want. 'Literatoor' cuts no ice with us. We are not publishing for the few but for the million." There are Henry Fuller of Chicago, and Francis Hackett, then also of Chicago, and Vachel Lindsay and Edith Wharton, Frank Norris and Homer St. Gaudens, Frank Doubleday and Brander Matthews, Mark Twain and William Dean Howells, to mix periods and pick personalities at random. And there were, too, on a visit that Mr. Garland made to England in 1906, Ellen Terry and Bernard Shaw on whose work, in view of the correspondence between the two just published, his comment is of interest. "In the evening," he says, "by way of celebration, I saw Ellen Terry in Shaw's 'Captain Brassbound.' The play was a joy, but the great actress was to me only a memory. All her grace, all her lightness were gone. 'She hesitated in all her lines, and had to be helped out again and again. It was painful to see her working so hard to produce that which once she created without effort.'"

One of the profoundest friendships of Mr. Garland's life was that with Edward MacDowell to whom he refers frequently and sometimes at considerable length in his volume. He spent his efforts untiringly to bring about the formation of the MacDowell Club in New York just as in Chicago he gave lavishly of his time to the organization of another siimlar group, the Cliff Dwellers. Mr. Garland's interests were naturally predominantly literary, but his book records the vivid delight he took in following the trail in the West, his concern for and knowledge of the Indians, and his excursions into the field of psychic phenomena. It is the record of a busy and industrious life, rich in contacts, and quick with friendships. It suffers, if truth be told, the defects of its virtues, for the very multiplicity of personalities it introduces gives to its narrative an episodic and fragmentary character. It is, indeed, almost a collection of brevities. But they are interesting brevities.

Hugh Walpole, whose "Judith Paris," the second volume of his "Herries" trilogy, is reviewed on another page, is already at work on the third volume. It will be issued in about a year's time, probably under the title of "The Fortress."

The Bowling Green

Translations from the Chinese

GOTHAM ADJUSTABLES

MY little poems, said the Old Mandarin,
Are like those modern stockings you say you wear:
They do not twist or wrinkle on the mind,
They fit every length of thought.

MANHATTAN

These many years, said the commuter, hibernating in town,
She was a mistress I never truly embraced:
I o nly kissed her hand and said goodbye at dusk.
Now we lie together.
She holds me deep in her strong bosom.
All night long I hear her breathe and murmur.
Sometimes she talks in my sleep.

DEPRESSIONS GOOD FOR MANNERS

The Depression, as you hopefully call it,
Has been good for you.
Your taxicabs, loitering in hopes of a fare,
Almost seem to tip their hats
As they open their doors to coax us in,
And the other evening
I overheard a theatre box-office
Politely answering the telephone:
Playcherce? Why certainly, Playcherce.

Even Literature has benefitted:
Remark the swell teashops of Central Park South
Where the cashier, in default of trade,
Sits at her desk reading a book
Which has nothing to do with the caisse.

"LIVES OF QUIET DESPERATION"

Modern America began with desperadoes—
Jesse James, Billy the Kid—
It ends with desperationists:
Henry James, Percy Crosby.
I leave you to your fate, said Santayana, p.p.c.,
And you thought he meant fête.

IT WAS BOUND TO COME

In fact you always needed
A little more despair.

And who is so happy as the pessimist
Who has expressed in all the perfections of prose
His sense of futility.

A DUTCH TREAT

I had a visit from a Madam Queen,
A female smuggler of Caribbean lineage
Who came with a note of confidence
From a Distinguished Editor.

Artists and men of letters, she whispered,
Require, for their creative stimulus,
Consommations du premier choix; in other words,
The Real Stuff.
It was her desire to serve as stewardess
Between the philosopher and the incoming steamer.

At a very modest price she left with me
A stone bottle shaped like an artillery shell-case
And loaded with a fragrant explosive.
Its label was a Dutch treat:—
Wij verklaren deze kruik
in onze Fabriek gevuld te zijn
met Hulstkamp's Oude Genever. . . .

Hulstkamp's Old Geneva!
We borrowed a corkscrew from the elevator boy
And as soon as the Boss had left
We opened it in the office.

Madam Queen's doctrine was sound,
For the very next day
I wrote these poems.

PRIVATE TUTORING

In a time of financial slack
The Old Mandarin had to support himself
By private tutoring.

Tell me, Oh Master, about American Literature,
Asked Quince-Face, his favorite pupil.
Hearken well, Big-Eyes, he replied:
The Library at Yale is so large
That the watchman walks nine miles
Making his rounds every night.
It files 2,000 newspapers and periodicals
(Of which this is one)
And the telephone booths
Are built like Gothic confessionals.
Poor Big-Eyes was obscurely disturbed,
But No, he consoled her,
It is a just example of American symbolism,
For in that country some of the sincerest penitences
Are made over the telephone.

RED FLAGS

Boswell, a drunken Scottish lawyer,
Wrote the more private passages of his journals
In Greek script.
His descendants took care to ink these out in the MSS
Which so aroused the curiosity of subsequent editors
That they persevered cunningly
Until all was deciphered.

Naturally, when people see red flags waved in the street,
They stick around
To be as close as possible to the explosion.

RIVERSIDE DRIVE

Riverside Drive, said the Old Mandarin,
Gives me matter for meditation.
I saw a pensive loafer
Looking at a garbage-can trade-marked SAVORY.
In the Park the little rubbish boxes
Are ingeniously made to counterfeit hollow tree-stumps
And called Rustic Destructors.
All Sunday afternoon they smoulder bravely
Trying to consume Comic Sections and Tabloids.
The Clark School for Concentration
Seems to have closed,
And on the pier at 79th Street
I am alarmed by a sign:
LYNCH-PARTY BOATS.

61-0

Pursuing the spoor of Higher Education,
Continued the Sage,
I went as far North as Baker Field
To see a football game.
But Middlebury is a small college
Which, I am told, has specialized in literature.
It is famous for a summer convention of poets and editors,
And its football team,
Perhaps weakened by devotion to books,
Was no match for the agile sons of Columbia.

CALVES' LIVER

Sunday morning: I had liver and bacon for breakfast,
And then I went for a stroll.

That bright morning in Riverside Park,
Under the conversation of strolling couples
And the shouts of children at play
Was a constant dull monotone of grief,
A puzzled complaint, steady in the ear
As the drone of a questing mosquito.
I wondered, and came nearer.

Below the scarp was a train of cattle cars,
Calves crying as they waited on the siding,
Shunted to and fro with running jar and crash.
Their soft muzzles were pushed through the lattice.
If you could reckon up that total
Of brute sensation and misery,
The quality of that questioning protest,
The wastage of innocent happiness,
It would seem like a hole torn in the fabric of the world.
Even the golden air of the autumn morning was troubled;
There was loss and leakage enough,
Pure vitality enough gone out of life
To have written one of William Blake's poems.

Like those heifers in their double-decked cars
A few poets are shunted to and fro
In the steel trains of civilization.

I haven't eaten calves' liver since.

SIXTH AVENUE L

The Sixth Avenue L
Is another laboratory for the collector of surprises.
At Cortlandt Street see Kerr & Johanson, Tailors,
Sitting cross-legged on their high counters
Just as tailors have done
Since the Arabian Nights.
As I come uptown I see the Hudson River Sailmaking Co.,
The Midland Marine Bank (surely a paradox:
Can things that are midland be also marine?)
And "Artistic Printing: U. S. Revenue and Prohibition Books."

At Bleecker Street I pass through the olive oil region
And at the curve below 8th Street
Am startled at the admonition to Jews and Gentiles
Carved on a church.
Near 14th I find Squirrel Bellies and Paws,
At 28th, Candies and Sugar Plums,
At 32nd, All You Can Eat, 60c,
And at 39th, Gainly Hats.

But most exciting of all is a notice
About something Fyr-Pruf.
What was it that started your idea
(I daresay it's quite sound)
That things sell better
If you spell them wrong?

LOST, LOST

The last Saturday night in September
Said an American authority
We return to Standard Time
And regain the hour we lost last April,
Thus evening up.

Dear boy, how fallacious is the equation.
Since when was an hour of September sleeping
Worth 60 minutes of April midnight?
Autumn gives noble and brilliant pangs,
But never an equivalent
Of what we lost in spring.

Autumn is an essayist,
But Spring was a poet.

Christopher Morley

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Round About Parnassus

By WILLIAM ROSE BENET

THIS week I have four books to discuss, the first of which is also the most original and interesting. It is "The Five Seasons" by Phelps Putnam Scribner. The others are, respectively, "Preludes for Memnon," by Conrad Aiken (Scribner), "Poems for Harry Crosby," by Caresse Crosby (The Black Sun Press: Rue Cardinale, Paris), and "Issa: A Poem," by Robert Norwood (Scribner).

To sum up my general impression of the four books, two of them are the work of two poets who, to use Mr. Putnam's words of his Bill Williams, are "in Hell without a guide"; one, by the rector of St. Bartholomew's, is an act of faith; and Mrs. Crosby's is a memorial volume to her remarkable husband. Mr. Putnam, as he tells us, has "used the objective mode," making the mythical Bill Williams his protagonist. The agonist of Mr. Aiken's "Preludes for Memnon" is Aiken himself, as all Aiken's poems have been Aiken himself speaking. Memnon sang before the dawn; these preludes are from the dark night of the soul. The structure of Aiken's work is, as usual, symphonic. Putnam is briefer, more hard-bitten, coarser, flashing now and then a more astonishing phrase than Aiken's. His book is of tougher fibre, with more impact. The view of life of both is deeply sophisticated. At the end of his book Putnam apostrophizes Chance as follows:

Give us such eyes as will penetrate your eyes
And lungs to draw the breath you give to us.
Hear us for we do not beg;
We only pray you heal our idiot ways
And the kind of lonely madness which we have
Of bleeding one another on the road.
We travel in the belly of the wind;
It is you, Lord, who will make us lame or swift.

But his finest apostrophe is to "Our Lord, creative Sun," in "The Daughters of the Sun," and this is his finest poem in the book. The little introductory text (such as that by which all the poems are introduced, in italics, though the poet asks us to disregard these slight prose introductions if we so desire) tells us that at this point Bill Williams, "having been abandoned to that darkness which was his Hell, at last met his father, the Sun. Bill was reborn and started again on his wandering career." This leads me to ponder how the poem might be read effectively after closing Aiken's poems of the dark night and the old chaos. It also leads me to remember the sun-worship of young Harry Crosby, a lesser poet than either Aiken or Putnam, but a remarkable figure in contemporary literature, not so much for his literary accomplishment as for his strangely vital personality. In regard to Dr. Norwood, I have read sympathetically Charles G. D. Roberts's remarks upon his work that preface the poem "Issa," and I have ploughed on through the rector's regularly stanzaic memories to the very end, but have been unable to find any real cerebration in them. A fine and charitable spirit and a genuine enjoyment of life are manifest; but as a poet, at least in this poem (for I have read nothing else of Dr. Norwood's), the author of "Issa" (and I cannot help feeling that the title and symbolical name are most unfortunate) is simply not in the same county with Putnam, who enjoys life bitterly, and Aiken, who apparently does not enjoy it at all but is fascinated by it into infinite speculation.

To return to Putnam; he has given us only one book before this, in which there were signs of great power. There are like signs here, though out of the ten poems included, two are taken from his previous book, "Trinc," and a third was originally part of another poem in that book. In other words, Putnam is anything but a facile writer; while Aiken, to my mind at least, has always been too facile. His 112 pages, against Putnam's 66 in a much smaller format, form a lesser achievement than Putnam's.

I should say that the second-best poem in Putnam's book is "Bill Gets Burned," which has been included from the former "Trinc." The opening poem gives us America bitterly speaking to her degenerate inhabitants; the second, "Dream," is the arresting account of one woman who exceeded the others in Bill Williams's life in the depth of her love for him. Then we have Bill, in "Bill Gets Burned," considering the plight of women crucified, without being able to wring any explanation of it from life. In the succeeding "Hasbrouck and the Rose" we have a terrible testimony concerning that "Arcane romantic flower," Rosa Mystica, which shows quite another aspect of the symbol so thoroughly and unquestioningly accepted by Dr. Norwood. "Song about Bill" follows. It is a woman's song, a frankly disillusioned one, beginning as doggerel and ending in clear poetry. The longest poem in the book, "The Daughters of the Sun," which comes next, rises to one passage concerning a woman which seems to me so fine that I must quote it even out of its context:

But these are shadowy phrases, she
Was not an arrow, nor a dagger, nor a mystery.
She was the living anarchy of love,
The one who occupies the dreamy self,
The one appearance in the finite world
Which is seen by us one time, and then despaired
Beyond romantic comfort afterwards.
She was my nourishment, my sister and my child,
My lust, my liberty, my discipline,
And she laid fair, awkward hands upon my head.
She was discourteous as life and death
And kindly as a dry white wine is kind
On a blowzy summer day.
But I cannot speak of her
In praise or blame, my voice drowns in my blood,
I cannot speak, I could not speak before,
Although I know love fattens on smooth words,
I could not speak at all.
For beyond space she was my quality,
She was the very mask of my desire,
She was more near than love or mimicry—
I do not know how I could speak of her.

That is splendid, fiery writing! "Hasbrouck Speaking" (the comforting friend!), "Man and Poet," that bitter gibing at women, and "The Five Seasons," that comprise the rest of the book, are all below that pitch: nor is the "Hymn to Chance," that ends the volume, up to it. Nevertheless, I have but one criticism of Mr. Putnam's method of attack, one which he may think intrinsic but which is not. This is that he permits certain bawdy phrases occasionally to intrude, which seem to me sophomoric in their obsession with physiology. They shock by their unexpected appearance, but they also disgust. It is true that his intention is not to flinch from the most direct view of life as it is. But that is surely sufficiently manifest without going to such lengths. It is like seeing someone being actively sick on a Channel boat. One hastily, and perhaps qualmishly, turns to the horizon.

I have nothing but admiration for Conrad Aiken's facility in blank verse. He is at home in it, it seems his natural language. I am in sympathy with many of his disillusionments. I do not believe the following, but I understand the mood that begot the statement and can admire the manner in which it is delivered:

We are undone
With permanence in impermanence, the flowing
Of shape to shape which means all shapelessness.
Is this my hand in yours? ah, no such thing.
It is the fog which curtsies to the fog:
The god who finds himself a fraud: the wind
From nowhere blown to nowhere.

His book is from Mithridates and "Mithridates, he died old." There are beautiful passages in this almost interminable soliloquy that seems somehow as though Hamlet had contracted whatever is the precise antithesis of being tongue-tied. And yet Hamlet's actual soliloquy still outshines these many,many pages through the positive inspiration of its language. Such inspiration of epithet Aiken lacks,

(Continued on page 195)

Now, for a short time, your bookshop will have copies of the limited one volume edition of

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF LINCOLN STEFFENS

Its choice by the Literary Guild for October and its immediate success in the two volume $7.50 edition have made possible a limited edition, complete in one volume, of this great American autobiography. For a short time "the most important book of 1931" (Lewis Gannett), "one of those books which we know in our time is destined to be a classic" becomes available at half the published price of last spring. Order your copy at your bookstore now!

Printed from the plates of the 2-volume $7.50 edition, complete in one volume. Illustrated.

$3.75

HARCOURT, BRACE AND COMPANY
383 Madison Avenue :: New York

Farrar & Rinehart
9 East 41st Street

Dear Faith Baldwin—

When we acquired Cosmopolitan Book Corporation yesterday, we became the publishers of your swell new novel, SKYSCRAPER, of today. We have enjoyed and admired your work for so long that it makes us very happy to have this privilege.

We've always wondered about the million or so girls we bumped into in elevators going up and down in the skyscrapers. Did they, we wondered, have any Private Lives at all? Scurrying, hurrying, wearing the style of the day even when they couldn't afford it, looking oh so smart and just a little hard boiled—did they, we asked, really find happiness in this mad maelstrom of human ants? Well, you've answered the question for us in SKYSCRAPER—in the case of one girl at least, and we suspect she is typical of many.

We are sending you a few of our other books which have attracted a good deal of attention,—Upton Sinclair's THE WET PARADE, Thomas Rourke's THUNDER BELOW, Sophie Kerr's IN FOR A PENNY, and Soglow's slightly ribald and altogether ridiculous book of drawings, PRETTY PICTURES. We think you will enjoy them. Meanwhile, we expect to be busy filling orders for SKYSCRAPER.

Cordially yours,

F. & R.

SCIENTIFIC THOUGHT IN POETRY
BY
Ralph B. Crum

A study of the impingement of the thought engendered by science upon the traditional moods and affective tones fostered by poetry, wherein the author considers Lucretius, and those influenced by Newtonian conceptions of science—Voltaire, André Chénier, Erasmus Darwin, Tennyson, and John Davidson. $3.00

COLUMBIA University Press

TO convey our compliments on the new typography and style of the Saturday Review we take this opportunity to remind its readers of a notable book, portions of which first appeared in these pages and which we are proud to have published

John Mistletoe

By
CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

A book that will sell slowly and live long. Now 14th thousand. . . . $2.50 at all booksellers.

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HAMLIN GARLAND'S *New Book*

COMPANIONS ON THE TRAIL

By the author of A SON OF THE MIDDLE BORDER

HAMLIN GARLAND'S famous Middle Border books have been acclaimed as an authentic "picture of an epoch and a civilization." With *Roadside Meetings* he began an "intelligent picture of American life and literature as it existed in the last quarter of the old century." *Companions on the Trail,* just published, continues that account of his personal adventures which were so close to the center of artistic life and movements that the book becomes a unique cultural history of the period from 1900 to 1914.

See and Hear

ROOSEVELT, lunching with Mr. Garland in the heat of the 1908 campaign, talked about everything but politics. A letter soon afterward confessed that the big-game hunter was weary of killing any kind of animal except "varmints."

ST. GAUDENS wandered about the Players Club in melancholy restlessness. He admitted a lack of enough will-power to overcome a passion for sweets, cakes and pies.

BERNARD SHAW, viewing his increasing popularity: "My fortunes have improved since 1899, but I am by no interpretation rolling in money. My plays are going here and there but the runs are comparatively short."

HENRY JAMES: "As I studied him across the table, he bodied forth almost precisely my notion of a bishop of the Episcopal Church. He had a curious habit of repeating the word in hand while vaguely feeling about for another in the bush."

FRANK NORRIS impressed New York literary circles as by far the handsomest of the younger writers—and the most able. You will find one of the best estimates of his work in *Companions on the Trail.*

WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY: The opening night of *The Great Divide* was almost a disaster—Moody and his leading lady kept the curtain between the first two acts down for an hour while they wrangled backstage over the terms of a contract.

LORD BRYCE: "He impressed me as a tired old philosopher, white and dry, a mere husk of a man. He stood passively, patiently in line, mumbling a few words to each of us who confronted him."

WHISTLER dropped his monocle, English airs and accent under the influence of some western style highballs. His wife's reception when he and his companions arrived home made him look "like a moth-eaten rabbit."

ANDREW CARNEGIE, patron of the arts and letters, gave a dinner to many notable men in the world of literature and presented each from formal written introductions which had been prepared for him.

EMILY DICKINSON, "A tall, slender, graceful creature in a very smart gown."

BRET HARTE, dying, lonely and poor, in London, far from the frontier scenes which had brought him fame.

OKLAHOMA in the raw. Mr. Garland made many visits to the territory to gather authentic material by contact with the Indian tribes.

AMERICA on parade in an age when there was no jazz. Mr. Garland recreates the life, customs, habits, thoughts, ideals, and flavor of the times.

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE says:

"This book is what its title indicates; it is a book of meetings on the trail. Garland has traveled more across these United States, east and west, than any other American writer has traveled . . . He has been all over the place and has taken notes as he went. He met notables eagerly, and this book is a record of those meetings along the way. . . .

"This latest record of his journeyings is a worthy volume in the series which includes the life story of his father, of his mother, of his wife, of his own literary career. These volumes taken together make a record of American life from the '80s to today that has never been equaled for its veracity, for its intelligent understanding of the middle class American mind in those days and for a certain incorrigible American optimism. . . .

"This particular book is the best of the series . . . it is Hamlin Garland at his best." —*New York Herald Tribune*

And CHARLES HANSON TOWNE writes:

"Every once in a while a book comes along which I like to hold in my hand while I curl up on a sofa and settle back in good old-fashioned enjoyment. Such a volume is Hamlin Garland's *Companions on the Trail.* It is a rich record of Mr. Garland's literary friends and acquaintances, packed with personal reminiscences, alive with pictures of a vanished New York." —*New York American*

Reviewers said of ROADSIDE MEETINGS: "It is the most fascinating book of reminiscences by a man of letters which we have seen in some years." Read these two books together. You will find them unflaggingly interesting.

Continuing ROADSIDE MEETINGS

COMPANIONS ON THE TRAIL

At all bookstores now $2.50

The *Middle Border* Books of

HAMLIN GARLAND

Trail-Makers of the Middle Border
A Son of the Middle Border
A Daughter of the Middle Border
Backtrailers from the Middle Border

Illustrated $2.50 each at all bookstores

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY - 60 FIFTH AVENUE - NEW YORK

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New MACMILLAN Books

Edwin Arlington ROBINSON'S

new long poem

MATTHIAS AT THE DOOR

WILLIAM LYON PHELPS writes: "Mr. Robinson's new poem, *Matthias at the Door*, is one of his most notable works. Its dignity and austerity, its severe beauty in construction and style, its shrewd and profound analysis of human nature, its smouldering passion, reveal the foremost living American poet in the plenitude of his powers."
Price $1.75; limited edition $25.00

THE DIVINE COMEDY OF DANTE ALIGHIERI

Translated by JEFFERSON B. FLETCHER

C. H. Grandgent, Professor of Romance Languages in Harvard University, says: "Professor Fletcher's translation of the *Divine Comedy* is by far the best I have ever seen, combining as it does the qualities of thorough understanding, fidelity, resourcefulness and poetic feeling."
Price $5.00; limited edition $25.00

The OUTLOOK for LITERATURE

By ASHLEY H. THORNDIKE

Will the reading public continue to multiply? Are we to expect new and marked departures from the great tradition? Is English destined to become a world language? Has American literature a new opportunity for world leadership? Such are the interesting topics which receive consideration in this new book. $1.50

The STORY of ENGLISH LITERATURE

By EDMUND KEMPER BROADUS

Here is a new and fresh view of English literature from Anglo-Saxon times to John Masefield, by an author with an unusual gift for vivifying each era and making the authors which distinguished it live again. $5.00

MAHATMA GANDHI at WORK

Edited by C. F. ANDREWS

This second volume of Gandhi's autobiography, read in conjunction with *Mahatma Gandhi: His Own Story* and *Mahatma Gandhi's Ideas*, will give you a complete view of the man, his philosophy, and his work. $2.50

ROME AND THE ROMANS

By GRANT SHOWERMAN

The daily life of the Roman citizen interestingly depicted and illustrated with 200 photographs. "It is a splendid achievement."—EDWARD KENNARD RAND, *Professor of Latin, Harvard University* $5.00

New Novels

THE DESTROYER

By ERNEST POOLE

What Jack Wyckoff, skeptic and rebel against America's shams and hypocrisies, does to those he touches and finally to himself, is the theme of this new novel. Mr. Poole tells the story against the kaleidoscopic background of modern New York. $2.00

EUDORA'S MEN

By MABEL OSGOOD WRIGHT

The story of a woman of New England whose life spans the period from the bombardment of Fort Sumter to the end of the World War. $2.00

EBENEZER WALKS WITH GOD

By GEORGE BAKER

An unexpected baby wrecks the home and heaven of Ebenezer Walker, elder of Zion Chapel, but gives him much in compensation for his loss. The story is told with a rare piquancy. $2.00

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY ~ 60 Fifth Ave. ~ NEW YORK

A Letter from France

By ABEL CHEVALLEY

"DECADENCE de la Nation Française," by Robert Aron et Arnaud Dandieu (Rieder), is a lively pamphlet though it is not, in spite of its title, a pamphlet against France. What they call *la nation française* is that sort of revolutionary idealism which they consider, not without reason, as the essence of the French national spirit. What they call "revolutionary" (by contrast with evolution) is the faith in rapid and thorough transformations, not necessarily supported by physical force, such as happen in nature, in the case of sudden mutations. They are in revolt, not against the national spirit of their country, but against its travesties and betrayals. Their cult of human personality is irreconcilable with the blind and blundering evolutionism and the stupid materialism, conservative or "progressive," of nearly all "social reformers."

Their book is one of those that are carefully left unreviewed by native correspondents of foreign papers. This is my reason for stressing its import. Your true entomologist kills his insect before dissecting it. If he writes of a country it is an abstract country simplified to desiccation . . . of a man, of a book, he is careful to ghostify them. He avoids buzzing bees, live wasps. The things may sting. He prefers them to stink. Aron and Dandieu are not true entomologists. Their "Decadence" is a wasp of a book.

Pusillanimous critics have warned me. "The authors are young and unknown; this is their bid for notoriety; let the beggars make their own way. . . . If they succeed, as well they may, we shall still be in time to praise their next book." Others: "The public, outside France is unprepared for such a rattle of ideas and paradoxes. These young men are kicking and gibing at all accepted methods of national appraisement. They are as self-contradictory as life itself, taking for instance 'nation' now in the usual sense and now in their own. In fact they gamble upon double meanings, and trade in apocalyptic ambiguities. When they have attained clarity, fixity, (i.e. when they are dead) we shall be in a position to deal with them."

At the bottom of all these pleas for silence lies the real objection: "Danger ahead. . . ."

It is true that a book like theirs is too significant to be neglected, and too explosive to be dropped on hard ground. But, as I have explained before, these letters are not restricted to "safe authors," already installed on the unexalted level of universal acceptability. We prefer discoveries and exploring tours, even to Colonial Exhibitions. That is why I recommend a look at Aron and Dandieu's "Decadence" of what is French in France. America gets its due, at their hands, in the universal process of mass culture and mass production that leads to mass miseries. But, it is not the America of the flesh, it is an America of the spirit that they are scourging. They consider France as the last bulwark of non-conformity, hard pressed between the apparently opposite but really identical materialisms of Russia and America. They advocate the only real contacts: man and soil, land and *individual* work. They do not belittle patriotism; their pseudo communism is spiritual. Ramon Fernandez has, in *La Nouvelle Revue Française*, very intelligently summarized their tendencies. I hear that a group of young people, "L'Ordre Nouveau," are rapidly spreading their views.

I have already mentioned the publication of Diderot's "Correspondence," by André Babelon (Gallimard), a third of which is yet unknown, as one of the literary events of the year. If ever there was a man who deserved the name of Prophet or "Seer"; it was Diderot. His mind was a torrent, babbling, roaring, always in movement, rushing towards the future in a furore of anticipations; after filling, in his day's work, volumes of the Encyclopædia," his mind overflowed at night into other volumes of novels and disquisitions, which he considered as unpublishable for a man in his situation: "Le Neveu de Rameau," for instance, and "Jacques le Fataliste." But he was still brimming with such an excess of impressions and anticipations that his "Correspondence" reaches far inland into the innermost recesses of his time's history and philosophy, and forestalls the latest developments of its ideas into our time. He was one of those rare men who could see, feel, and think centuries ahead. And such was Diderot's inexhaustible fertility, vitality, versatility, that, from all accounts, his Table Talk was beyond the dreams even of those intellectual magnates that were his friends and associates. The middle part of the eighteenth century literally fed on the crumbs of his daily bread. He sowed in his conversation the seeds of more ideas perhaps, and more novel, than Voltaire and Rousseau together in the whole of their works. For neither Voltaire nor Rousseau were men of many ideas or striking originality. (Nor was Shakespeare, for the matter of that.) Originality is not a necessary factor of achievement. Voltaire and Rousseau achieved success and gained influence in expressing much of what Diderot had already broadcast in his endless letters and innumerable conversations. But, until the recent publication of Diderot's "Letters to Sophie Volland," with the addition of fifty-eight letters still *inédites*, we did not realize the full range and efficiency of his Correspondence. Truly, the man was universal. Nobody can be universal without self-contradictions. In his excellent little volume on "La Pensée au Dix-Huitième Siècle," Mr. D. Mornet has smashed to atoms the commonplace view of the Encyclopædists as a coherent body of consequent and systematic thinkers. Only the smaller fry were consequent and systematic.

If you care for greatly promising work, you should read "Geneviève Savigné," by Denise Fontaine, and perhaps, "Rempart des Dames" (both at Rieder's). The second is less personal, in consequence more significant as a revelation, not of the author, but of his subject. The first belongs to that tormented sort of introspection, which I do not like, but cannot help recognizing as an enlarging power in the recent development of the French novel. A book like "Marie Louise Mechain," by Ernest Perochon (Plon), may be less startling; it is far more human and will probably last longer. I need not introduce Perochon. He is (or was) an elementary schoolmaster in the West of France (Deux Sèvres); one of his books "Nène" got the Goncourt Prize some years ago. His "Parcelle 32" deserves to be remembered and republished.

Pierre Bost's "Le Scandale" (Gallimard) is one of the few important novels published this year. It has been highly praised but not beyond its merits. What is the scandalous thing, in modern life? Life itself, says Pierre Bost. Its demoralization of youth. It is becoming impossible to remain oneself. A young man must either starve or get depersonalized, become one of the herd. Such is Simon Joyeuse's experience. And what a herd! The honest and sensible Mariette, who might have saved Simon if he had accepted poverty, has been for some time the lady companion of an American woman, and lived that life of the highly civilized which is the same all over the world. "All those people who thought only of drinking, dressing, doing their lips, nails, toes, going naked, driving, flying, killing animals, and making what they call love, I tell you, Simon, I did not like them. The worst is in the contagion. I bolted. I might have ended by finding it all quite natural."

The first part of the "Scandale" is an excellent series of "introductions." Perhaps that is the only bearable sort of novel. As soon as the plot thickens, a mechanical element intervenes. The second part of "Le Scandale" seems to me needlessly intricate.

Two new biographies, one of Alexander the Great, and one of Marshall Lyautey, have just been published. Lyautey was the chief organizer of the Colonial Exhibition. I need not insist. But his "Life," by André Maurois, is much more than an *œuvre de circontsance*," thanks to the real greatness of the Marshal and the intelligent dexterousness of his biographer.

M. Radet's "Alexander the Great" (Artisans du Livre) will still be read and studied when Bergovici's on the same subject is forgotten.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received.

Fiction

THE CAREER OF JULIAN STANLEY WILLIAMS. By Adrian Alington. Harcourt, Brace. 1931.

On page 332 of the career of the hero, Winifred, wife of Julian, finds his solution, and why she pities and cannot hate him.

You could not hate Julian, because Julian did not exist. Compare him with other men, with her brother-in-law John. Strip John of his pompous outer seeming and there remained certain distinct qualities which constituted Johnishness, a good hard core that was the real John. With Julian it was not so. There was of course the outward man, the handsome face, the Julian voice, the Julian tricks and habits, all the outward signs of a definite human being, but behind them what? Nothing. Nothing but a fantastic instinct to perform. All the time performing, performing, even to himself—Sixteen years was a long time to be tied to a man who did not exist.

How can a human being become a hollow shell? Apparently in this way. An extraordinarily beautiful child has an adoring mother, and a father who had developed in something the same way, but died before it became too apparent. The child likes the admiration that meets him everywhere, and learns to avoid and ignore everything except admiration. The tendency and the habit blend, and the resulting man lives for nothing else. He never looks into himself. He sees himself from without. Whenever vision of himself as admired is interfered with, he suffers, shrinks, and runs for the sunshine. The fair vision of himself from without becomes his whole existence. Even his vanity and selfishness are superficial, for all that he is is on the surface. If there have been other possibilities in him, they have atrophied. He always acts the part of Julian the beautiful and admired. He becomes an actor by profession, but a baddish one, for good acting requires more than a surface. Personally he becomes Julian the rotter.

Meredith's Egoist is a figure of more substance. An egoist is not necessarily hollow. Meredith, in one of his letters, suggests the reason why his Egoist is so curiously repellant. It is because most of us have some of Sir Willoughby Patterne in us. The satire comes too close to us. It shows us up to ourselves. Something of Julian Stanley-Williams lurks somewhere perhaps in most of us, enough to unpleasantly whisper: "There, but for the grace of God goes myself." Mr. Alington's creation is hardly comparable to Meredith's, but there is force in it.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS. By Warwick Deeping. Knopf. 1931. $2.50.

It is easy to criticize, even to ridicule Mr. Warwick Deeping. It is perfectly true that having created a particular type of male character, he is contented to go on reproducing the type, apparently indefinitely. Sorrel and Pybus and now the Bonthorn of this tale—*mutatis mutandis*, they are all the same other-wordly kind of hero. The clever young things who write of life as they think it is can find good excuse for pointing a derisive finger at this author who persists in writing of life as he thinks it ought to be. Even Mr. Deeping's warm friends and admirers may well wish at times that his distinguished talents might mark out for themselves a broader furrow than that to which they habitually keep.

But it is safe to say that his publishers have no such wish, nor has the legion of readers who find in each successive Deeping novel an emotional release and the reinforcement of an instinctive but sorely-tried belief that man is a pretty good fellow after all. And there can be no just complaint of a writer because he keeps on doing extrordinarily well the particular things which he thinks it most important to do. These are, in purpose, to exhibit the fundamental decencies of human nature, and in method, to develop a romantic theme within a realistic setting.

To the accomplishment of his task Mr. Deeping brings a disciplined imagination and a literary style that distinguishes him among his contemporaries.

The title gives the sober purpose behind the romantic story of the present volume, to show that amid all the tumult and the shouting, the rush and racket of the modern world, the eternal verities still hold and still assert themselves. Nicholas Bonthorn, who lost an eye at Gallipoli and cares only to see beauty with the other one, has established himself in a backwater off the main stream of the London highway, torrential with motorcars, and peacefully grows flowers. Funny, fussy little Robinia Buck and her two daughters have set up a tea-place in the old Mill House right alongside the main road, and draw a precarious livelihood from such casuals as step out of the clamorous procession of cars to refresh themselves with tea and bread and butter and jam and cakes and maybe boiled eggs. The daughters are of their speed-loving generation, avid of pleasure, out for a good time, eager to experiment, even hazardously, with the emotions, and little Robinia, of the older generation, watches them like an anxious, fluttering hen. The day comes when one of them falls a victim to speed, and the story tells, with delicacy and subtlety, how the tragedy led her to a reappraisal of what constitutes the good and the beautiful. Mr. Deeping's book is, in fact, a sermon on the old text, *per ardua ad astra*, and if one must have sermons in novels this is a very good one.

DODD THE POTTER. By Cedric Beardmore. Doubleday, Doran. 1931. $2.

If Mr. Beardmore is a very young man and is here presenting to the world his first novel, then he is to be congratulated upon a very creditable performance. If these hypotheses are incorrect, then praise must be tempered to the degree by which the facts diverge from the hypotheses.

Mr. Beardmore is a nephew of the late Arnold Bennett and nepotic piety is written plainly in his pages. Indeed, there are passages which one would almost swear, if another name were not on the title-page, were written by Uncle Arnold of the "Clayhanger" period. The illusion is heightened by the fact that Mr. Beardmore, boldly challenging comparisons, goes for his inspiration to the same scenes that his distinguished relative made famous. To pursue such comparisons, even though challenged and challenging, would be odiously unfair. Mr. Beardmore's tale of the dour but often exciting people of the potteries is interesting enough to be judged on its own merits.

It is not an original discovery that a young man may find it possible, and somehow meritorious, to believe himself in love with two girls at the same time, but Mr. Beardmore makes us see how strange and startling the experience always seems to the individual to whom it happens, and is quite dexterous in his handling of the triangular situation which involves Dodd Bowering with the physical Clare and the spiritual Helen. The last is a complex character a little beyond the present capacity of the author to make entirely credible, and there follow consequent imperfections in the warp of the story; but the deft delineation of some of the other characters, especially Dodd's interesting mother, suggests that Mr. Beardmore has come, through family inheritance or assiduous study, by some of his uncle's great gift for characterization.

IF I WERE YOU. By P. G. Wodehouse. Doubleday, Doran. 1931. $2.

Wodehouse again takes his troupe of performing humans over the familiar hurdles. It is the same troupe, with different names, whose amusing performances we have been watching for some years, and it is all very entertaining, though we should not count this performance among the best that the troupe has given. Mr. Slingsby, butler to the fifth Earl of Droitwich is, of course, an old friend (we have seen him in many butler parts), and so is the Honorable Freddie (well and favorably known for his "silly ass" impersonations). Then there is the nephew with whom the respectable Slingsby is cursed, a "young 'ound" of socialist tendencies who runs an hereditary barber shop. There is also the lacrimose Mrs. Price, mother of the "young 'ound" and former nurse to his lordship; there are an American million-

(*Continued on page* 193)

New Scribner Publications

The Temple of the Warriors
by Earl H. Morris

The adventure of exploring and restoring a masterpiece of native American architecture in the ruined Maya city of Chichen Itza, Yucatan. Unquestionably one of the most interesting and graphic books in the field of archæology. As the temple emerges from the rubble of centuries, photographs record each stage of the restoration. $5.00

Paradise Quest
Adventuring in New Guinea
by Lee S. Crandall

The Curator of Birds, New York Zoological Park, here tells the exciting story of his adventures among the savages of New Guinea while seeking Birds of Paradise in the tropical jungles. *Illustrated.* $3.50

A History of Palestine and Syria
by A. T. Olmstead
author of "History of Assyria"

An authoritative work on the biblical lands, exhaustive and scholarly yet continuously interesting to the general reader. It begins with prehistoric times and concludes with the final collapse of independent Syrian civilization in the time of Alexander the Great.

Profusely illustrated. Boxed, $7.50

Big-Enough
by Will James

The author of "Lone Cowboy" and "Smoky" tells and illustrates another stirring yarn of cowboys and their horses. $2.50

America Hispana
by Waldo Frank
author of "The Re-discovery of America," etc.

"An indispensable addition to the library of every student of Latin America."—William McFee in the *New York Sun.* $3.50

Hurricane
by Nahum Sabsay

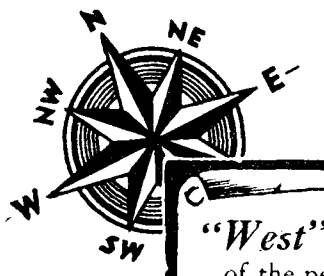
A love story of the Russian revolution and civil war filled with exciting scenes and convincing characterizations. $2.50

My United States
by Frederic J. Stimson

"Signally interesting and readable memoirs by Wilson's wartime ambassador to Argentina. Autobiographical literature of the first order."—*New York Sun.* $3.50

at your bookstore

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK



WEST... it used to be a point of the compass

"West"... a fever taking hold of the people of the early 1800's . . . Yankees and Southerners, preachers and mountebanks, redemptioners and dandies . . . all part of "the powerful undertaking."

"West"... In flat barges, in Conestoga wagons, in coaches and shays, on horseback and on foot the procession of American civilization sweeps onward . . . and in its sweep carries John Bray, one-time preacher, and Clarissa, runaway girl with a price on her head—actors in the great drama of the building of a nation.

"West"... a new writer has caught the very spirit of the age . . . depicted down to the minutest detail the lives and times of "all ye people" in such a way as to make of history a warm personal experience. *At all bookstores $2.50*

THE VIKING PRESS
18 E. 48th St., New York

ALL YE PEOPLE
By Merle Colby

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Read this novel and REVISE your ideas

about George Eliot

The story of a great, brilliant and passionate Victorian—

SILHOUETTE OF MARY ANN

By J. E. Buckrose

"Excellent!" says Laurence Stallings in the *New York Sun*. "J. E. Buckrose seems to have the exact grace needed to give us a portrait of the distraught lady who signed herself a man . . . A good novel." $2.50

Looking for ENJOYMENT? Read

HATHAWAY HOUSE

By Nelia Gardner White

More and more people are discovering this novel and recommending it! It's a refreshing story of every-day living which every member of the family will enjoy hugely. Nothing happens in it that might not happen, *today*, to *you*. $2.00

—And WHAT a Tangle in

L. M. Montgomery's

gay new novel!

A TANGLED WEB

The strange will of a wise old lady is read—leaving her relatives in a turmoil! They must be on their good behavior for one year—and the story of how they do it is full of incident, humor and romance! $2.00

A Gorgeous Parade!

PILGRIMS of the SANTA FE

By Agnes C. Laut

Author of "The Overland Trail," etc.

Drama—tragedy—heroism—stalk the pages of this record of the Santa Fe Trail. From the early Spaniards through the days of the Mormons, the frantic 'Forty-Niners and the railroad, it is a record of high adventure and absorbing interest—a vital and living part of our history. *Illustrated* $3.50

Write today for full details of the $20,000 *Prize Novel Contest*—announced by Frederick A. Stokes Company in collaboration with Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd., of London—to the literary agents, Curtis Brown, Ltd., 130 West 42nd Street, New York City.

Buy your books of your bookseller

F. A. STOKES COMPANY
443 4th Ave. New York

The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*. As for reasons of space ninety percent of the inquiries received cannot be answered in print, a stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

J. R., New York, says:

"M. G., who is leaving soon for Italy and needs a simple guide to Italian, might find Emma Bertini's "Italian Companion and Interpreter" very helpful. Published in Florence, Italy, and procurable anywhere in that country for ten lire (fifty cents), it is a "big help" to the every-day Italian of an American traveler. Small in size, light weight, with clear printing, and best of all with a stout binding for just such hard use as is given it. There are two companion volumes, in different colored bindings, which are useful for the student: 1) "Italian Verbs Simplified," and 2) "English-Italian Comparative Idioms." I used all three last year, but found the "Companion" the most helpful. *M. K., New York*, recommended the "Elementary Italian Grammar" of Jos. L. Rosso of The University of Wisconsin (Heath) a high school text which I found on examination to have the double advantage of being an excellent guide to grammatical usage, spoken or written, and a real help to singers in pronunciation and syllabication.

A correspondent asked me sometime since for the author of a pamphlet parody of Le Gallienne's "Quest of the Golden Girl"—one of the phenomena of the '90's—called "The Quest of the Gilt-Edged Girl," and I searched every book about the period for some clue to its much-assigned authorship. "Max" has been most often named, with Hilare Belloc second. So I wrote to the highest authority on the 'nineties, Holbrook Jackson, in London, who thus replies: "The persistent rumor that 'The Quest of the Gilt-Edged Girl' was written by Max Beerbohm is not true. The real author was the late David Hodge, who was at one time on the editorial staff of the Glasgow *Herald*."

The next day's mail brought the question from M. B. Opelika, Alabama: "Will you tell me if 'The Anatomy of Bibliomania' by Holbrook Jackson, published six months ago, may be had from an American publisher, or must it be ordered from London?" "The Anatomy of Bibliomania," brought out by the Soncino Press, London, is published in America by Scribner. The famous essayist and historian has traced the significance of books in the lives of men "through all the curious and varied ramifications of their influence. In its 300,000 words it leaves no sphere of book-lore unexplored." All I have seen so far is the prospectus, but that is little less than dazzling. It must be gorgeous.

L. C. writes from Dublin, Ireland, that the Gogarty parody on the Keats sonnet is from a volume now unattainable, called not "The Coch" but "Hyperthuliana," which means beyond Ultima Thule, that is, "Beyond the Beyonds." Alas, the parody is not suitable, he says, "for a Prohibiting Country"; its title is "On First Looking into Kraft Ebbing," and that, I hasten to say, is all I know about it. The K. T. mystery in the novels of Charlotte M. Yonge is solved at last.

C. M. B., Brookline, Mass., writes:

Your correspondent E. P. L. from Endayon, Minn., asked about the references to K. T. in Miss Yonge's "Pillars of the House." K. T. is the name given to Chapter 38, and in that chapter Robina explains to Felix that K. T. means Katie, in other words Lady Caergwent, who figures indirectly in this chapter, and in person in a later one called K. T. strophe. The puns are pretty bad, but easily understood in the light of this explanation.

The other question was answered in the issue of September 5th, but I wonder if E. P. L. knows that the fortunes of the Underwoods, as well as those of many characters out of her other books, are continued in "The Long Vacation."

I am glad to know that there are other Yonge "fans." I had thought I was "alone in Israel."

G. N. N., Asheville, N. C., was a Boston girl, and disagrees with Ellen Glasgow's conclusion that the Yonge enthusiasts were all in the South. She goes on:

The Daisy Chain was read and reread in my youth and I am quite sure there is nothing in it which would explain K. T. The book which would do that is "Countess Kate" a much shorter book written for quite young girls. I fear it is long out of print.

However, you are right in supposing that the Daisy Chain and the Trial would explain many things in the Pillars of the House which are obscure without them. I cannot tell you, E. P. L., about the Audley family for though with my two dearest friends I read everything we could have which was written by Miss Yonge we never came across that one. It is a pleasure to me to know there is still some one living who feels an interest in these books which meant so much to us in our youth. Our daughters and grand-daughters have refused to find them readable. Notwithstanding the severe criticisms Hugh Walpole and Ellen Glasgow (both of whom I eagerly read and enjoy) have indulged in as regards Miss Yonge's books, I still think the young of the present day might read them with pleasure and profit.

Suggestions for a library of letters continue to come in; here is a good collection from *B. B. B., London, England:* "You give Henry James's, but not the letters of his brother William, which I have read and much enjoyed during the past year. In connection with Gertrude Bell's letters, which you give, I found them yesterday in Bumpus's book-shop in a new edition, English of course, in one volume instead of two, and cheaper. Then you do not mention Jane Welch Carlyle's letters, which are near and dear to my heart for giving the real feeling of a personality. I have read the following and enjoyed them all: 'Letters and Memorials of Jane Welch Carlyle,' edited by Froude; 'New Letters and Memorials,' edited by Alexander Carlyle; 'Love Letters of Carlyle and Jane Welch,' edited by Alexander Carlyle; 'Jane Welch Carlyle: Letters to Her Family,' edited by Leonard Huxley. There is a two-volume collection. 'A Century of Letters: Emma Darwin'; the first volume is mainly of letters from Mrs. Charles Darwin's family to one another. She belonged to the Wedgewoods; her father was Josiah Wedgewood of the china manufacturing family. There were sisters and aunts and they wrote delightfully. Conrad wrote very interesting letters; his 'Life and Letters' is in two volumes."

Let this book solve YOUR problems of

PILOTING MODERN YOUTH

by WILLIAM S. SADLER, M. D.

Are parents right—or children? This book explains the emotional reactions of adolescents, their personalities, right and wrong methods of discipline, the proper direction of initiative, and the vital question of sex during this transitional period. 370 pages—$3.50

A riot of fun for every one!

TALL STORIES

By LOWELL THOMAS
Radio Voice of The Literary Digest

A fascinating collection of "whoppers." Tall fiction that is much more intriguing than short fact—all the more exciting because not limited to truth. Illustrations by Herb Roth. Price $1.50.

Four New Books

—to aid you in guiding children through adolescence!
—to help you to succeed!
—to amuse and entertain you!
—to bring Paris of *to-day* before your eyes!

How to get the most out of life . . .

MASTERING YOUR OWN MIND

By JAMES ALEXANDER

Gives workable methods for controlling your thoughts, your emotions and feelings, of banishing worry, depression, fear, and anger. A book that will help you get ahead mentally, socially, culturally and financially. Price 75 cents.

It brings Paris of to-day before your eyes

SEEING PARIS

By E. M. NEWMAN

More than 300 fascinating new photographs of Paris taken by the famous "Traveltalk" man—with a running story. A book that will renew the glamorous visit of those who have been there—and will heighten the interest and appreciation of those who plan to go. Almost 400 pages. Price $5.00.

FUNK AND WAGNALLS CO.
354 Fourth Ave.
New York City

Critics Acclaim A Modern Classic

ELLEN TERRY and BERNARD SHAW

An Intimate Correspondence

Edited by CHRISTOPHER ST. JOHN
With a Preface by BERNARD SHAW

"The Shaw-Terry letters cease to be mere letters, though they are magnificent as such, and begin to tell as exciting a first-hand story of the emergence of the modern English theatre as has been written. • Behind their affectionate salutations, their warm-hearted foolishness, their tenderness, their beauty and their brilliance, there is a plot."
—*John Mason Brown, in Saturday Review of Literature*

$5.00 at all bookstores
De Luxe Limited Edition, $30.00

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS 2 WEST 45th STREET NEW YORK

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from page* 191)

aire and his daughter, a bewildered baronet and his masterful lady, and a number of walking ladies and gentlemen. The plot concerns the exchange at birth of the present Earl of Droitwich and his butler's nephew, and the development of it makes an amusing extravaganza.

History

A HISTORY OF EUROPE FROM 1815 TO 1923 (History of Medieval and Modern Europe Series, Volume VIII). By SIR J. A. R. MARRIOTT. Putnam's. 1931. $6.50.

Interest in nineteenth and twentieth century European history is keen nowadays, perhaps because the discussion of war causes has aroused our realization of the importance of the history of the day before yesterday, perhaps because of the appreciation of American connections with Europe. When a book on this period is written by so distinguished an authority as Sir John Marriott, our expectations are high. If they are disappointed, perhaps it is because the general plan of the eight-volume history, of which Marriott's is the last, implies strictly conventional treatment of the period. As a textbook this is an excellent volume: comprehensive, sufficiently detailed to serve as a book of reference for the ordinary citizen, well proportioned, written in flowing sentences which are sometimes picturesque. But why another textbook? Sir John tells us that it is designed for the undergraduate and the general reader. For the former it contains little or nothing that is not to be found in half a dozen others; it does not equal in clarity or color Professor Hazen's well-known "Europe since 1915" and it is no more objective. The general reader will find it packed with the long succession of events and names that have characterized textbooks from the time that history examinations began to be held; by the time he has absorbed them it is unlikely that enough energy will be left to enable him to form any conclusions.

The book is almost exclusively diplomatic. Of the great social problems of the nineteenth century there is nothing said except as they happen rarely to be noticed by a Government. The industrial transformation of Europe is not accorded the dignity of a single chapter. The author promises in the prologue to show us the working of the great forces that led to the new imperialism, but whereas the word "battles" occupies about a column in the index and "treaties" at least as much, "industrialism" and "socialism" are given but two references apiece in the index. There was an opportunity of applying to Europe Mr. James Truslow Adams's method and point of view as exemplified in his "Epic of America." The opportunity is still open.

International

CONFLICT, ANGORA TO AFGHANISTAN. By ROSITA FORBES. Stokes. 1931. $3.50.

Though we had known Rosita Forbes as a seasoned traveler and maker of books, the phenomenon of an authentic preface by Sir Percy Sykes is reason enough to give us extra confidence in the facts and findings of this volume. It begins at the western gate of the New East, Angora, with its new growths rooted back in the days of Phrygian Midas, with Palmyran, Hun, Seljuk, and Crusader written across the pages of its history, with life-strands of the New Turkey reaching out into every corner of the land, then rushes from Anatolia to Syria, with a visit to both the Jebel Druse and the camp of exiled Sultan el Atrash in the Wadi Sirhan, and a glimpse of the Palestinian tangle.

Thanks to Nairn, the run from Damascus to Baghdad is put through in short order, and we are confronted by British-mandated Iraq, so soon to be admitted into the family of nations. Here again we see the old and new trying to live and work together—when they are not grappling.

The bulk of "Conflict," however, is devoted to the give and take between old and new in Pahlavi, Persia, where belief in the Prophet, his Family, and Sufi philosophizings is being supplanted by belief in science and industry. We see, and hear the words of a new Shah who under the drive of a vision wherein he beholds a new Persia, strives to make over a people primarily beauty lovers, mystics, and talkers into a nation of doers.

Beginning in the Southwest in the famous oil fields, we follow a new road through the land of the Lurs to Sultanabad. We meet Persian men and women, camels, lorry, and car. As we go, landscape, geography, history, travel episode rise before us. South, East, North and West, save the Caspian region, scarcely a large or important sector escapes the Forbesian scrutiny. We are led to oil and carpet centres, to pilgrim-beset Qum and Meshed, to Teheran, workshop and watchtower of Reza Shah to Shiraz and Isfahan, whose very names evoke images of deathless poets, a great king and his noble craftsmen. And in them all old and new are set one against the other.

Highways and railways loom large in H. I. M. Reza Shah's vision of the new Persia. Each finished link of these highways and railways means another skirmish won by the new order in the struggle between old and new. Seven thousand miles! A pleasant and profitable jaunt.

Eyes to see, ears to hear, and more than a modicum of understanding are not out of place in a traveler.

Miscellaneous

THE STORY OF SURNAMES. By WILLIAM D. BOWMAN. Knopf. 1931. $2.75.

Mr. Bowman's is, as he says, a popular account of surnames based on the researches of other scholars. Being both informative and readable, it has its own value. Surnames mostly come from the need of more precise designation. They may be from the place where the man lived, from some mental or physical peculiarity, from his occupation, his father or mother, from circumstances and accidents of various kinds. One curious and half-forgotten origin is the Morality and Mystery Plays. Whoever bears the common modern surnames of King, Prince, Frere, Crozier, Pope, Duke, Bishop, Love, Hope, or any of the names of characters from the Old or New Testament, the chances are good that the ancestor who first bore it regularly played that part in the local pageants. If his name is Shepherd, the ancestor was probably a real shepherd, but he may have only played one of the shepherds who saw the star in the east. For surnames often have more origins than one. Most men named Wood had an ancestor who lived near some woods, but some came from one who was thought to be violent (wod). Multitudes have names ending in *ton*, and most of the *tons* come from Anglo Saxon *tun* (enclosure or homestead), many from the Norse *dun* or Celtic *dun* (a hill), and some perhaps from neither. Curtis comes both from curteis (polite) and curthose (a short stocking).

There is no definite date when English surnames began to be used. Even savages often have more than one name. Roman aristocrats usually had three. A Scipio was probably the son of a Scipio, but possibly not. Scipio was something like our surnames, Cornelius like a clan name of Campbell or Mcleod, and Publius similar to a given or Christian name. It is not very definite either when English surnames became heritable. Tom the son of John being Tom Johnson, when did David son of Tom begin to be called David Johnson instead of David Thomson, and Richard son of David not Richard Davidson but again Richard Johnson? The old ways persist in some parts centuries after the change of custom has become settled in others.

Mr. Bowman's final chapter is on American surnames, and he comments on the evidence of the directories on mingling nationalities. In New York City the order of frequency is Smith, Brown, Miller, Murphy, Meyer, Schurtz, and Krans. Cohen is the commonest Jewish name. A great many Smiths, Browns, and Millers were formerly Schmidt, Braun, and Müller, Moller or Mlinar. The Polish Jaunszewski may become Jones because it looks so, or Miller because that is what it means.

THE MAKING OF MAN. An Outline of Anthropology. Edited by V. F. CALVERTON. Modern Library. 1931.

No social science with the exception of psychology—and orthodox psychology is still in doubt whether to claim the title—has made such advances of recent years as has anthropology. Studies of primitive society have shed a flood of light on religion, ethics, the beginnings of language, and the whole course of man's development. To have gathered together in one little book that may be carried in the pocket nine hundred well selected and clearly printed pages from forty anthropologists, all recognized authorities in their field, is to have performed a public service of which the editors and publishers may well be proud. The selections, from such well-known writers as Tylor, Frazer, Westermarck, Malinowski, Boas, Goldenweiser, and Briffault, are grouped in six sections: on Fossil and Prehistoric Man; on Race and Language; on Social Organization; on Sexual Customs and Social Practice; on Religion; on the Evolution of Attitudes. Chapters particularly valuable in dispelling popular illusions are those by Boas on Race, by Sapir on Language, by Briffault on Group Marriage, by Westermarck on Homosexuality, by Sumner on Cannibalism. Not the least interesting article is the introduction by the editor, Mr. Calverton, in which he cites the former prestige of Westermarck's monogamic doctrine of sex relationship, now overthrown by Briffault, as an example of the working, even in science, of what Mr. Calverton calls "cultural compulsives," that is, group interests controlling the mental outlook and presuppositions of the scientist and so dictating his conclusions in advance. The reader may find both profit and amusement in applying this theory to the work of certain contemporary scientists in other fields than anthropogy.

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER
entitling the undersigned to
5 DAYS' FREE EXAMINATION
of THE ROGET DICTIONARY

G. P PUTNAM'S SONS, (Dept. 7510) 2 West 45th Street, New York

Gentlemen: Send at once, postage paid, a copy of the thumb-indexed edition of THE ROGET DICTIONARY. If I am satisfied that this volume will save my time, give me a richer, more exact command of language, and help me in the development of ideas, I will keep the volume and send you only $4 in full payment. Otherwise I will return it at your expense within five days and owe nothing. Send to:

NAME.....

STREET & NO.....

CITY & STATE.....

If you haven't received this card
. . . tear it out and mail it now!

Introductory offer brings the new *Roget Dictionary* for five days' trial. Latest, most complete, and authoritative book of synonyms and antonyms. Replaces old-style thesaurus. New plan makes volume greatest aid for development of ideas and clear, forceful, exact expression.

NOW, after three years spent in its preparation, *The Roget Dictionary* is ready!

To introduce this newest, most comprehensive, and authoritative version of the famous *"Roget,"* the special offer reproduced above is being made for a limited time. If you have not received through the mails a card bearing this offer, you are invited to tear out and mail the "card" above.

The Roget Dictionary is built on an entirely new plan for a book of synonyms and antonyms. You find a word where you would look for it in a regular dictionary—in its alphabetical position. This *self-indexing* arrangement, with cross references to all related entries, gives you instantly the synonym you want — or allows you to explore every nook and cranny of your subject.

It is impossible to describe in detail the many remarkable features of *The Roget Dictionary*. That is why you are invited to examine the volume itself. You will see how a far greater amount of information has been put in more compact, instantly available form. You will see how the original Roget plan of entering and indexing according to ideas has been modified to eliminate hundreds of time-wasting, confusing columns of reference material. You will also see how this new *"Dictionary,"* in both contents and sturdy construction, offers you a lifetime of usefulness.

Read the terms of the special introductory offer in the "card" above; then fill in and mail at once to secure *your* copy of *The Roget Dictionary* while this offer is still open. G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, (Dept. 7510), 2 West 45th Street, New York City.

The Authority Behind The ROGET Dictionary

The Roget Dictionary is a presentation of the famous Roget's Thesaurus of English words and phrases—in a modernized, more complete, and more convenient form. The new "Dictionary" therefore has behind it the authority of the original "Roget," plus the authority of C. O. Sylvester Mawson, who in 1910 prepared the original edition of the International Thesaurus and twelve years later a more elaborate version. The authority of the "Dictionary" further rests on a quarter century spent by Dr. Mawson in the making of dictionaries, including association with Sir James Murray of the Oxford Dictionary, Benjamin E. Smith of the Century, and several years on the permanent staff of Webster's. This background plus the three years in actual construction make The Roget Dictionary the accurate, scholarly, and important work that it is.

THE ROGET DICTIONARY
of SYNONYMS and ANTONYMS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We have just published the year's most interesting first novel —

WE tried it on the office staff—the publisher's barometer of the public's fancy. The salesmen said: "It won't sell. It hasn't enough plot." The stenographers said, "It's dumb, it's cuckoo"

In spite of that, we published it. It *has* a plot—the plot of any American boy and girl who find themselves face to face with life, in this year 1931—a year which includes depressions, love, gin, murder, and Long Tu's Chop Suey Dance Restaurant. It *is* dumb—like the micro-organism, Man; and it *is* cockeyed, like the world in which he blindly moves.

To the reader who is interested in the first appearance of a novelist of great talent, we recommend LAUGH AND LIE DOWN. We also recommend it to the larger public which read, or saw in the movies, and apparently enjoyed, *An American Tragedy* and *Street Scene*. We believe it is one of the most important novels of this or any year.

LAUGH AND LIE DOWN

By ROBERT CANTWELL

$2.00

FARRAR & RINEHART
Successors to Cosmopolitan Book Corporation

LAUGH AND LIE DOWN

He could see it all in proportion, the clear gray eyes that looked at him and never saw him, the even curving eyebrows marking her smooth forehead, the thin lips she reddened against her teeth before she marked them with her lipstick. She could look at him and never see him, and listen to him and never hear him, and there was no way he could ever make himself real to her. No, more than that, he knew that if he said anything the words would glance off the bright metallic surface of her mind, she would hear him, but that was all. He wondered with a dim rising fear at the fatu[illegible]
wary earlier, when

New Delights by the Author of "Viva Mexico"

LOQUACITIES

By CHARLES MACOMB FLANDRAU

A BRILLIANT collection of personal recollections, episodes, anecdotes and opinions, *"Loquacities"* is written with the same vivid imagination and charm that characterized Mr. Flandrau's widely popular *"Viva Mexico."* 'It has grace of style, a sound philosophy, breeding, abundant sympathy—and humor. *'Loquacities'* will be as much of a delight a century hence as it is today." —*Charles Hanson Towne,* in the *New York American*

$2.50

This is an Appleton Book

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY greets a Classic

THE SCANDAL AND CREDULITIES OF JOHN AUBREY

Edited by* JOHN COLLIER *author of "His Monkey Wife."

"The witty author of *His Monkey Wife* has published a selected volume of John Aubrey's immortal sketches of 17th century characters. Here is the most spirited of this table-chat in one inexpensive volume. We have been mentioning Aubrey for the past ten years. Now decide whether we deceived you."—*Christopher Morley.* *Illustrated* $2.50

This is an Appleton Book

D. APPLETON AND COMPANY 35 West 32nd Street, New York

To Booksellers: You have seen advance notices of the new books coming out this fall and of course you know that there are a number of important titles. Many of these are probably on your shelves now. *The Saturday Review of Literature* contains authentic reviews of these books and it can help to increase your sales. If you offer copies of *The Saturday Review* for sale at your shop, each copy you sell will bring the new fall titles to the attention of your customers, reaching many more people than would otherwise be possible without expensive advertising, and at the same time you will make a small profit on every copy sold.

For information concerning bulk rates and shipment, please write to:

Bookstore Department

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, 25 W. 45th St., N. Y. City

Points of View

Long Short Stories

To the Editor The Saturday Review:
Gentlemen:

We were naturally interested in William McFee's review of "S. S. San Pedro," by James Gould Cozzens. As you know the story originally appeared in *Scribner's Magazine* in the first long short story contest.

We mention this because of the paragraph in Mr. McFee's review in which he says:

The answer, of course, is that the publishers and editors, in their solicitude for the supposed taste of the public, have steadily refused to have anything to do with the short novel. Most editors would shake their heads over a manuscript of the length of the "S. S. San Pedro" which is 23,000 words. There is not an author now practicing who has not been told, at some period of his career, that 25,000 words is "a very awkward length." As he has his living to earn, he either compresses his book into a short story or expands it into a standard novel. If publishers want short novels they will find many authors eager to supply them. Whether the public will buy them is another question, not easily answered.

We are glad to tell Mr. McFee that *Scribner's* is anxious for stories of this middle length. Our desire for them is so great that we are having at the present time a second long story contest for manuscripts of between 15,000 and 30,000 words. It closes on February 1, 1932.

K. S. CRICHTON,
Associate Editor, *Scribner's Magazine.*
New York City.

Goat Songs

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

Mr. James Norman Hall, in his review of "Manga Reva, the Forgotten Islands," makes the following statement: "Perhaps I am prejudiced in this matter of Polynesian tupaupaus, but I have this to offer in defense of my prejudice: although I have spent more than ten years in French Polynesia I have yet to learn of a single case—authenticated, that is, by men whose evidence is at all trustworthy —of a Polynesian ghost, in whatever form, having been seen by a white man."

I happened to meet Mr. Burbidge, the President of the Tahitian Mission of the Church of the Latter Day Saints (the Mormon Church), shortly after this criticism reached Tahiti, and said to him: "You, too, probably think I am mad or crazy,—perhaps both—as I still recall the strange incidents which I may as well call supernatural and which happened in Maupiti and Manga Reva. I'm absolutely sure I saw and experienced the episodes related in my book as well as many others of which I did not tell."

Mr. Burbidge said:

"Well, I have had a number of unusual things happen to me during my fourteen years on these islands, but the strangest of them was witnessed by two other white men, also Mormon missionaries, and by an entire congregation of natives of our Church as well. The occurrence took place in the spring of 1917 on the island of Takaroa, a coral atoll in the Paumotu Group.

We had that day buried a native girl of about fifteen at four o'clock in the afternoon, in the little white cemetery near the church. That evening, during a "himene" (singing) in the church, at, I think, about half past eight, suddenly, in the middle of a hymn, the sound of fine gravel or small stones was heard, rattling all over the roof. Everybody present heard it, and, as these himenes are an important part of the natives' social life, that means everyone on the island. The singing quickly stopped.

Being on a raised platform I could see easily through a near-by window, and what I saw was something indistinct and white floating past the window, not unlike a great bird in its movements. We all ran outside, and there we saw a white figure soaring away from the church towards the near-by graveyard. The thing floated until it came to the freshly-made grave and then descended and disappeared into the ground.

The natives were greatly excited and declared that the white thing was the tupaupau (ghost) of the dead girl. They all said she used to play tricks when alive and that the stone throwing was her last fling before leaving."

Mr. Burbidge added that I might use his name if I desired to sumbit the experience in answer to Mr. Hall's disbelief in an actual experience by a white man with the supernatural in Polynesia.

Here I may add that in my experiences as well as in those of others these Polynesian tupaupaus are often quite amusing in their behavior. They differ, moreover, from the nearly extinct, powerful evil spirits of the old cannibal days, or "tiaporo," as the Church has since taught the natives to call them. They were far different in their actions and attributes.

Naturally, on the islands of Tahiti and Moorea, which were never cannibal islands and where quantities of tourists wander ecstatically every steamer day, these ancient tupaupaus no longer exist; but the traveller interested in these matters will find plenty of evidence regarding them if he is willing to undertake long and unpleasant trips to islands like the Marquesas or the Gambiers.

M. Julien, the Governor of Tahiti, warned me, upon my return from Manga Reva, against spending more than six months at a time in such an archipelago, especially as I was susceptible to the "overtones" of old Polynesia. He told me of his own experiences in the Marquesas, and said that the curious psychic atmosphere of those dead and nearly deserted islands almost overpowered him.

"I go back whenever I find the time," he said. "The peculiar essence of the place acts like a drug, and I have grown to like it."

Mr. Ducorron, who has known the Marquesas islands intimately for over half a century, makes the same observation.

These are but a few of the many white men who were more susceptible to the "old" spirit of Polynesia than Mr. Hall admits to being, and I believe they better perceived the natives' viewpoint because of their sympathy with their so-called superstitions.

I do not wish to be placed on record as championing in any way the cause of "night shades" and banshees and such. But if they happen to enter into my experiences while living in Polynesia I see no reason for not setting down quite frankly whatever might be my reactions to such phenomena. Arthur Machen seemed to feel the ancient pagan atmosphere lingering over the ruins of Roman camps buried in the English countrysides, while Arnold Bennett saw the "Five Towns" there.

The point I am trying to make is that the writer or painter selects his material consciously or unconsciously from his surroundings, be those surroundings the shadows that linger behind the real and substantial world about him, or be they that solid world itself. As a painter I have gone through the various phases of the public acceptance of modernism, and I did not expect a writer of Mr. Hall's high reputation to take such a mid-Victorian attitude toward another's point of view.

To quote Mr. Hall further: "Mr. Eskridge's matter, whether considered from the personal, historical, anthropological, or the purely archæological, viewpoint is, to put it mildly, somewhat open to criticism."

I did discover the burial place of the Manga Revan kings and that discovery has real anthropological value. No museum has yet sent a representative to Manga Reva, but Dr. Gerritt Wilder of the Bishop Museum, Honolulu, in accepting my collection of artifats, tells me that they expect shortly to send one or two men thither to follow up the work I began.

I could name many sources of information—obscure articles in Catholic Church magazines, the Manga Revan Dictionary, native legends, etc.—but if I have succeeded in presenting new data even in a very informal way, surely I should not be reproached if I fail to handle it in the precise manner of a scientist or with the brilliant exactness of a highly developed literary mind.

For let me say that always I looked at Manga Reva, with its dramatic foreground—and background—as a painter; and, with the aid of my editor, Miss Tietjens the poetess, we produced a book presenting my purely personal reactions to a "swell adventure!" And I wonder if, after all, it isn't just a difference in temperaments, this having or not having an ear for "goat songs"?

ROBERT LEE ESKRIDGE.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Compleat Collector.

RARE BOOKS · FIRST EDITIONS · FINE TYPOGRAPHY

Conducted by Carl Purington Rollins & Gilbert M. Troxell.

"*Now cheaply bought for thrice their weight in gold.*"

The Bentley Press

WILDER BENTLEY of Pittsburgh has established the Bentley Press for the limited production of books by hand composition of type and hand printing. The first effort is at hand—Chaucer's "Frankeleyns Tale." As may not wholly have escaped the notice of the readers of this column, the writer is partial to hand printing and has tried to call attention to the occasional production of such books. This tender concern for an archaic method of printing may seem absurd and hopeless, but it is not without justification.

In the first place it must be recognized that we do not treat machines as *tools*, but as dominant, compelling engines of production. This is a crude and naïve point of view, due to our extreme preoccupation with means rather than with ends, and our universal inexperience with the results of machine production. Samuel Butler treated the matter of machinery in fiction: Austin Freeman pointed out with great clearness that the use of the hand press is actual economy if the edition is only a few hundred copies: Gina Lombroso has recently written a brilliant, emotional attack on the machine: and only a few days ago a hard-boiled Highway Department let a contract for the construction of a road with the stipulation that no machines were to be used.

It cannot seriously be proposed that daily newspapers revert to hand composition and hand printing, but equally it cannot seriously be maintained that small and limited editions of books can be as well or as economically produced by elaborate machinery for type setting and printing as they can by hand processes. The hand processes necessarily must abandon also the great intangible machinery of commercial production—high overhead, division of labor, high rentals, excessive commissions to middle-men, etc. But on the simple basis of all handicraft work, hand printed books can compete in quality and price with machine made ones under many circumstances.

Mr. Bentley's book is a comely twelve mo., set in Poliphilus and lettre batarde, with two colors on the title page and first page of text. A fine grade of modern paper is used, though the unities had been better preserved by the use of a hand made paper. Color, impression and register are better than on most machined books: and so far as is practicable the book is the work of one man. Perhaps it is sentimental (*a l'Américain*) to regard a hand made book as better than a machine made one, but I believe that it has distinctive qualities of interest and excellence.

Mr. Bentley, however, is not easy in his mind. He has used in the book a mark of his press designed for him by a "commercial artist" of Pittsburgh—only to find that he has unwittingly trespassed on someone else's preserve! He accordingly wishes to make public amends, to wit:

A PUBLIC APOLOGY

"The Bentley Press announces with chagrin that, much as it deplores current practices among commercial artists, it has been made the dupe of 'dope.' In its first publication, and in the several hundred prospectuses of the same, a device has been used which is as obviously a copy of Mr. Rockwell Kent's mark for Mr. Elmer Adler as it is inferior to it in design and execution. The Press wishes to apologize publicly . . . to both Mr. Kent and Mr. Adler, while denying any deliberate attempt on its part to steal their ideas. . . . (Signed) Wilder Bentley."

Mr. Kipling has reminded us of what happened when 'Omer smote 'is bloomin' lyre—so with Mr. Bentley's "Commercial artist," except that the latter stole too obviously, and his "borrowing" was printed. If all the trouble and annoyance of five hundred years could have been foreseen, some kindly nurse might well have strangled John Gutenberg in his cradle! R.

Limited Editions Exhibit

BEGINNING on October 5 and continuing for two weeks, the Limited Editions Club will hold an exhibition of its publications at the Art Center, 65 West 56th Street. The books will be shown in three sections—Books made in America, Books made in Europe, and Books made in Asia. There will be twenty-five titles in the show, including all of the books so far issued. In addition to the books there will be original drawings by some of the artists whose work has illustrated the books, Mr. Dwiggins's stencils, Mr. Goudy's type, binding materials, process blocks of various kinds, wood engravings, etc. R.

King's Printers' Editions

THE Viking Press, agents in America for Messrs. Eyre & Spottiswode, announce the publication early in October of an important historical document, "Some Materials Towards Memoirs of the Reign of King George II," by John, Lord Hervey. Now for the first time the public will have access to those portions of the Memoirs which were suppressed in the edition published in the middle of the nineteenth century, for there has lately been discovered in the archives at Windsor Castle a copy of the original MS., containing passages which it had been thought were destroyed. There will be 900 sets printed, at $30.

R.

Book Auctions

THE book-auction season of 1931-1932, of which it is impossible to expect much, opened the sixth of October when the Chicago Book and Art Auctions sold the library of Dr. Gottfried Koehler, with additions from other sources. This sale, aside from certain groups of material dealing with the history of Chicago, with the general history of Illinois, and the Mississippi Valley, and with Indians, had little to arouse anyone's interest. It was respectable, but so exactly like other sales in the past that it seemed almost hackneyed.

On the afternoon of the fourteenth of October the American Art Association Anderson Galleries will sell the library of J. William Smith, of Syracuse, and selections from the Page and Nelson family libraries. The Smith library contains a first issue of Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter" with a cheque signed by Hawthorne laid in, and a manuscript criticism in Coleridge's handwriting, signed by him. The Page and Nelson books come from the family plantation in Hanover County, Virginia: many of them belonged to the late Thomas Nelson Page. There are: Keat's Bible, a farewell gift to him from John Taylor with an inscription in the poet's own hand; Charles Lamb's copy of "A Collection of Several Philosophical Writings," by Dr. Henry More, London, 1712, with marginal notations by Lamb; Coleridge's copy of Petrarch, with a twenty-three line inscription in Latin; a presentation copy from Izaak Walton to the Bishop of Salisbury with fifteen marginal manuscript notes in Walton's handwriting; James Boswell's copies of eleven of Goldsmith's works; Dr. Johnson's copy of Thomas Browne's "Pseudodoxia Epidemica"; and President Madison's copy of Diodorus Siculus. Later sales during October will include the autograph collection of the late William Winslow Crannell, of Albany, and the George W. Riggs collection of early Americana, with manuscripts and letters of great interest to collectors of Franklin and Washington.

G. M. T.

Round about Parnasus

(*Continued from page* 188)

though he can frame many a notable phrase. And at the very end of the book there is a movement like a litany that takes strong hold of the emotions. I wish I could read so much of this kind of philosophizing, however, without being tempted to sing through my nose, "Go, tell Aunt Sally, the old gray mare is dead!" Which really brings us by contrast to that strange enthusiast, the late Harry Crosby, who died of worshipping the sun. In "Poems for Harry Crosby," his wife, with what seems to me to be but slight poetic craftsmanship in most of her work, has wrung certain striking brief declarations out of deep and genuine emotion. Particularly is the poem "Invited to Diet" poignant. The whole little book is gallant. You feel a proud appreciation of the subject informing it. Let me end by quoting this final passage from the last poem:

Reverberation stirs the ring-starred pool
The trumpet shrills, then spills its faded
utterance beyond the hills
But you are more, much more,
You are not echo
Or not scar
Nor are you the reflection of—
You are.

Counter Attractions

NEW & OLD BOOKS :: COLLECTORS' ITEMS :: STAMPS & PRINTS :: LITERARY SERVICES

AUCTIONS

AUCTION OCTOBER 27-28. Library of a Massachusetts Collector, notably rich in fine first editions of modern American and English Authors, limited and signed, many presentations. Butler, Bosschere, Conrad, Coppard, Crane, Eggleston, Garland, Golden Cockerell, Harding, Hemingway, Hudson, Jeffers, Joyce, Lawrence, McFee, Moore, Nonesuch, Tarkington, etc. Sale Tuesday and Wednesday nights, Oct. 27-28, at 8:00 P. M. Chicago Book & Art Auctions, Inc., 922 Fine Arts Bldg., 410 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

BARGAIN OFFERS

PRIVATELY PRINTED BOOKS. The largest publishers of privately printed and limited editions in the United States, invite you to send for their free literature. Prospectuses on unexpurgated publications dealing with curiosa and esoterica will also be sent gratis to adults upon request. Panurge, Incorporated, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York.

20% DISCOUNT: ANY BOOK published. Book Bazaar, 1740 52nd Street, Brooklyn.

BACK NUMBERS

BACK NUMBERS OF MAGAZINES at Abraham's Bookstore. 141 Fourth Avenue, New York.

BOOKBINDING

WHAT THE WELL-DRESSED BOOK Should Wear. A Bennett Binding of Hand-Tooled Imported Leather—Morocco, Levant or Calf—Modernistic, Period or Conventional Design—According to Date and Content. Bennett Book Studios, Inc., Hand Bookbinders and Wholesale Dealers, 240 West 23rd Street, New York City.

BOOK PLATES

EROS BOOK PLATES: ULTRA Modern, very different; wood, linoleum cut prints; beautiful, virile, stimulating. Identify your books by pasting EROS EX LIBRIS inside covers; special 25 for $1.00; send 10c for large samples. EROS BOOK PLATE CO., 1609 North Broad Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

FRENCH BOOKS

VISIT OR WRITE THE FRENCH BOOKMAN, 202 West 96th Street, New York. Catalogues, 5 cents (stamps).

GENERAL

YOUR COAT OF ARMS correctly and handsomely executed in water color. Authentic work guaranteed. William Stanley Hall, 152 Lexington Avenue, New York.

ODD CURIOS, unusual and extraordinary Books and Autographs. Write for catalogue. State your own interests. Union Square Bookshop, 30 East 14th Street, New York.

LITERARY SERVICES

MATHILDE WEIL, LITERARY Agent. Books, short stories, articles and verse criticized and marketed. Special department for plays and motion pictures. The Writers' Workshop, Inc., 570 Lexington Ave., New York.

LITERARY SERVICES

STORY IDEAS FOR PHOTOPLAYS, talking pictures, magazines. Accepted any form for revision, development, copyright, and submission to markets. Established 1917. Free booklet gives full particulars. Universal Scenario Company, 411 Meyer Bldg., Western & Sierra Vista, Hollywood, Calif.

WRITERS—Send without obligation for free booklet HOW TO WRITE FOR THE TALKIES by famous authorities. Daniel O'Malley Co., Inc., 1776-U Broadway, New York.

MANUSCRIPTS ANALYZED, criticized, revised, prepared for publication, marketed. Book manuscripts a specialty. Twenty-five years' experience as writer, editor, publisher. Helpful text-books. Catalogue. James Knapp Reeve and Agnes M. Reeve, Box A, Franklin, Ohio.

YOUR MANUSCRIPT SHOULD BE sold! This office sells plays, novels, short stories, published books or produced plays for motion pictures. International connections, publications planned. Editor, literary advisor. Grace Aird, Inc., 551 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

EXPERT TYPING BY CAPABLE LITERARY SECRETARY. Moderate rates. Zelda Zitreen, 390 Riverside Drive, CAthedral 8-5829.

SYNDICATE SERVICE FOR WRITERS. INTELLIGENT SERVICE. EMIL ZUBRYN, 1472S Broadway, New York.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING

MANUSCRIPTS EDITED AND TYPED. PROMPT AND EXPERT SERVICE GUARANTEED. By one who has had several years of experience in literary work and is at present on the regular staff of critical journal. Manuscripts typed in accepted form for presentation to publishers. Reasonable rates. For further information please write to Box Number 61, in care of the Saturday Review of Literature, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

OUT OF PRINT

OUT-OF-PRINT Books promptly supplied. National Bibliophile Service, 347 Fifth Avenue, New York.

TYPOGRAPHY

PRIVATE INDIVIDUALS' BOOKS; Designed and made according to the finest principles. S. A. Jacobs, 3 Milligan Place, New York.

SCHEDULE OF RATES

THE ADVERTISING RATES FOR THIS classified page are as follows: For twenty or more consecutive insertions of any copy minimum twelve words, 7 cents a word for one insertion; for any less number of insertions 10 cents a word for one insertion. Copy may be changed every week. The forms close Friday morning, eight days before publication date. Address Department GH, The Saturday Review of Literature, telephone BRyant 9-0896.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from THE INNER SANCTUM *of*
SIMON *and* SCHUSTER
Publishers, 386 Fourth Avenue, *New York*

J. P. MCEVOY *writes a novel about* SOCIETY *with a capital* "S"

The original sub-title of J. P. McEvoy's new book was *"Among the Nudists on Park Avenue."*

Discretion, however, proved to be the better part of pallor, and instead the single word *"Society"* was chosen, and the book designed like a Tiffany invitation.

In other words, DIXIE DUGAN of the Brooklyn DUGAN-DUGANS goes Social Register in a great big way.

Under the guidance of one of America's premier satirists, the reader can thus take a McEvoyage through Agua Caliente, Newport, Park Avenue, Palm Beach, the Lido, and points East.

All for $2.00. R.S.V.P. to your own bookseller or

ESSANDESS.

Test Your Wits

How's your perspicacity? Let the Dean of Charaders sharpen your wits for you in this greatest of all mental pastimes: the charade . . . and you've got to be good to do these. Ask your bookseller to let you try one of them. $2.00

PEGASUS PERPLEXING
Charades in Verse
by
Le Baron Russell Briggs
VIKING PRESS

YALE

Giovanni Verga
By Thomas Goddard Bergin
All the glamour of Italy is in this story of the novelist who created a realistic literature of Sicilian peasants and villagers. *Price* $2.00

Thomas Lodge
By N. Burton Paradise
A vivid account of a man whose life was strikingly characteristic of the age in which he lived, and whose work "contains an epitomé of Elizabethan literature." *Price* $3.00

YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS
NEW HAVEN · CONNECTICUT

TO BOOKSELLERS:-
One of our subscribers complains, "You are costing me too much in books, but it seems I can't do without you."
If you offer copies of THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE for sale each week, you can divert a large part of this book-buying urge right into your own shop.
For bulk rates write to:
THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE
25 West 45th Street, New York City

The PHŒNIX NEST

WE'RE sad. We got a letter from someone who signed himself "yours disgustedly" or something like that. He was disgusted at the way we related an anecdote concerning a snake that crawled into the crib of the infant *Thomas Hardy*. Also, we had mentioned Tess, and our correspondent excoriated us for even hinting that she was the greatest character Hardy ever drew. We didn't mean to hint that. We don't think that she is any greater than Jude or some others. We passed on the anecdote of the snake because we thought it was more than merely sensational; if true, it was remarkably significant. But our correspondent would have none of us, and he compared us to the tabloids and lectured us on giving our readers less than their money's worth. As to that last accusation, how are we to tell? Some readers consider certain information more than their money's worth while others can't see anything in it. One paragraph will please a number of people who won't care at all for some other anecdote that we ourself thing is much better. We know we're awfully unsatisfactory but we do the best we can. So now that we've crawled out from under the bed, we suppose we'll have to stand on our own feet. . . .

What about this young writer, *Thorne Smith*? He has amusing ideas. His latest, in "Turnabout," makes good farce. There is rather too much of it and the people, as is usual in this book, are pretty unreal, but we were entertained by the nonsense. . . .

An event that we regard as truly important is the publication of a new book by *Charles Macomb Flandrau*, the author of that masterpiece, "Viva Mexico." The new book is entitled "Loquacities," and is published by Appleton in one of the most utterly tasteless bindings we have ever seen. A publisher with an author whose writing is of purest ray serene,—and they can't afford to give him a proper binding! But then publishers seldom know just what they are getting. "Loquacities" is a book of short pieces. We can't resist quoting a passage from one essay in which Mr. Flandrau is discussing the favorite Balearic Islands of our forebears, to which we hope some day to return:

"Not long ago none of the solemnly erudite, low-voiced expensively miseducated clerks in four of New York's largest bookshops had ever heard of the Balearic Islands, and from their illimitable seas of "travel books" we succeeded in dredging not a paragraph. Nevertheless, a whole libraryful has been written about them, and with the exception of the late Austrian Archduke Luis Salvator's exhaustive work called "Die Balearen im Wort und Bild"—the kind of obese, monumental opus drolly known in Germany as a *Handbuch*—I once, with a view to finding out what to avoid, read nearly all of it. Many of the volumes have been written by cultivated British ladies, and all over the world the travels of British ladies appear to be in the nature of prolonged, joyous, botanical frenzies, the recorded impressions of the countries they have visited being given to tense, colorful passages that read something like this:

'For an hour or more the dear little fields were veritable carpets of the scarlet ranunculus, the Adonic vernalis, and the handsome crimson and yellow scrophularia, while further along the blue borage, pink allium, concolculus, gorse, and mallow were rather more in evidence. The heights were quite feathery with the pinus maritima—and oh, the scent of the wet cistus Bushes.'"

For the John Day Company *Dashiell Hammett* has compiled a selection of stories chilling and thrilling called "Creeps by Night," and at the same time one of the sons of *Walter de la Mare*, the poet,—namely, *Colin de la Mare*, has made an anthology of ghost stories to which his father has written an introduction. It is called "They Walk Again." . . .

Ben Ames Williams, the popular novelis an enthralled bridge-player and has actually invented a system. He says further:

"Since then I've written a short story of about thirty thousand words embodying the system in the tale; and while I doubt if it will find magazine publication, I may develop it eventually into a combination bridge manual and piece of fiction. The System seems to give good results; and of course I think it's the best yet devised. Which probably just goes to show how poor a bridge player I am.

To all *C. E. Montague* fans we hasten to retail the news that Montague's "Disenchantment" is in print in England and may be identified as number thirteen in The Phœnix Library published by Chatto and Windus. This series of reprints also includes four other titles by Montague. American book-dealers should stock the series. For the information we are obliged to *Chilian H. Leonard* of the Sheffiield Scientific School of Yale University. And we are proud that the library is called the Phœnix Library! . . .

On October 13th *H. G. Wells* arrives on the Aquitania for his first visit to America in a number of years. He is coming over to study the effects of the depression and will spend several weeks here. He is planning to visit Pittsburgh, Detroit, Boston, Chicago, and Washington. He will also spend a few days at the University of Wisconsin and will see something of American college life at Harvard and the University of Chicago. . . .

The other evening at the door of a Macmillan editor's suburban home appeared a courteous negro, minister of a struggling chapel in the town. He requested a subscription toward the purchase of chairs for his little auditorium. At the head of the subscription paper appeared this Biblical quotation:

By the waters of Babylon there we sat down (*Psalm* 137:1).

A donation for the chairs was enthusiastically made! . . .

A famous poem that keeps cropping up from time to time is "When You were a Tadpole and I was a Fish," but very few people remember who wrote it. It was written, as a matter of fact, by one *Langdon Smith*, a New York journalist, in 1895. Recently we found it reprinted in an English journal as a poem that should appeal to scientists! . . .

With kind regards!

THE PHŒNICIAN.

A Volume of Short Stories by
WILLIAM FAULKNER
Author of "Sanctuary," "As I Lay Dying," etc.
LAURENCE STALLINGS (*N. Y. Sun*) *says:* "Whatever it is that marks contemporary stuff for future glories—whether it is immense fertility of imagination, a passionate conviction in the reality of his characters, or the novelist's ability to write superbly—it seems that William Faulkner has it all."
These Thirteen
Third printing. *Price,* $2.50
JONATHAN CAPE & HARRISON SMITH

PIE IN THE SKY
BY FREDERICK HAZLITT BRENNAN
Taking its title from the refrain of a famous old "wobbly" song, this novel tells the story of a dyed-in-the-wool "Red" family, and the revolt of its younger member against the revolution. A powerful novel of human ambitions, frailties, and passions. $2.50

FLOWER OF THORN
BY MARIE CONWAY OEMLER
A romantic novel of the sectional pride and prejudice of the old South as they affect the lives of two modern young people—a Southern girl and the grandson of a Northern carpet-bagger. This is undoubtedly the most haunting love story ever written by one of the most popular romanticists the South has produced. $2.50

CROSSINGS
BY ALICE MASSIE
A lovely story built on one of the most unusual devices ever used in fiction writing. The crossings Janet Barford made were symbols of the strange connection between her grey, dreary life in London and the glowing periods of color that meant to her—Paris. But when she crossed by air for the first time she flew to the strangest and greatest adventure of her life. $2.00

THE YOUNG MRS. MEIGS
BY ELIZABETH CORBETT
Need a woman ever grow old? Mrs. Meigs, a "young woman of eighty," found it quite unnecessary. A grand old girl, matriarch of a busy and bossy American family, she winks at the fact that the young people around her are trying to order her life, and slyly manages to untangle theirs instead. Mrs. Meigs is one of the most striking characters in current fiction. $2.00

CANE JUICE
BY JOHN EARLE UHLER
The story of a brawny "Cajun" lad of Louisiana, raw and uncouth, but possessed of a driving ambition to become a leader of the cane sugar industry. With this object he enters the State university, is bewildered and then swallowed up by its social life and undergraduate interests. A strong novel of powerful interest by a brilliant new writer. $2.50

Have you read GREEN HELL? It's still the book of the year. $4.00

THE CENTURY CO.
Publishers of
THE NEW CENTURY DICTIONARY
353 Fourth Avenue New York

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OCT 26 1931

TEN CENTS A COPY

Edited by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

The Saturday Review of LITERATURE

Fall Book Number

"THEY THAT TAKE THE SWORD" *Reviewed by* OSWALD G. VILLARD

"FIRST PERSON SINGULAR" *Reviewed by* LEE WILSON DODD

"AMERICAN BEAUTY" *Reviewed by* HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

"CLASSIC AMERICANS" *Reviewed by* CARL VAN DOREN

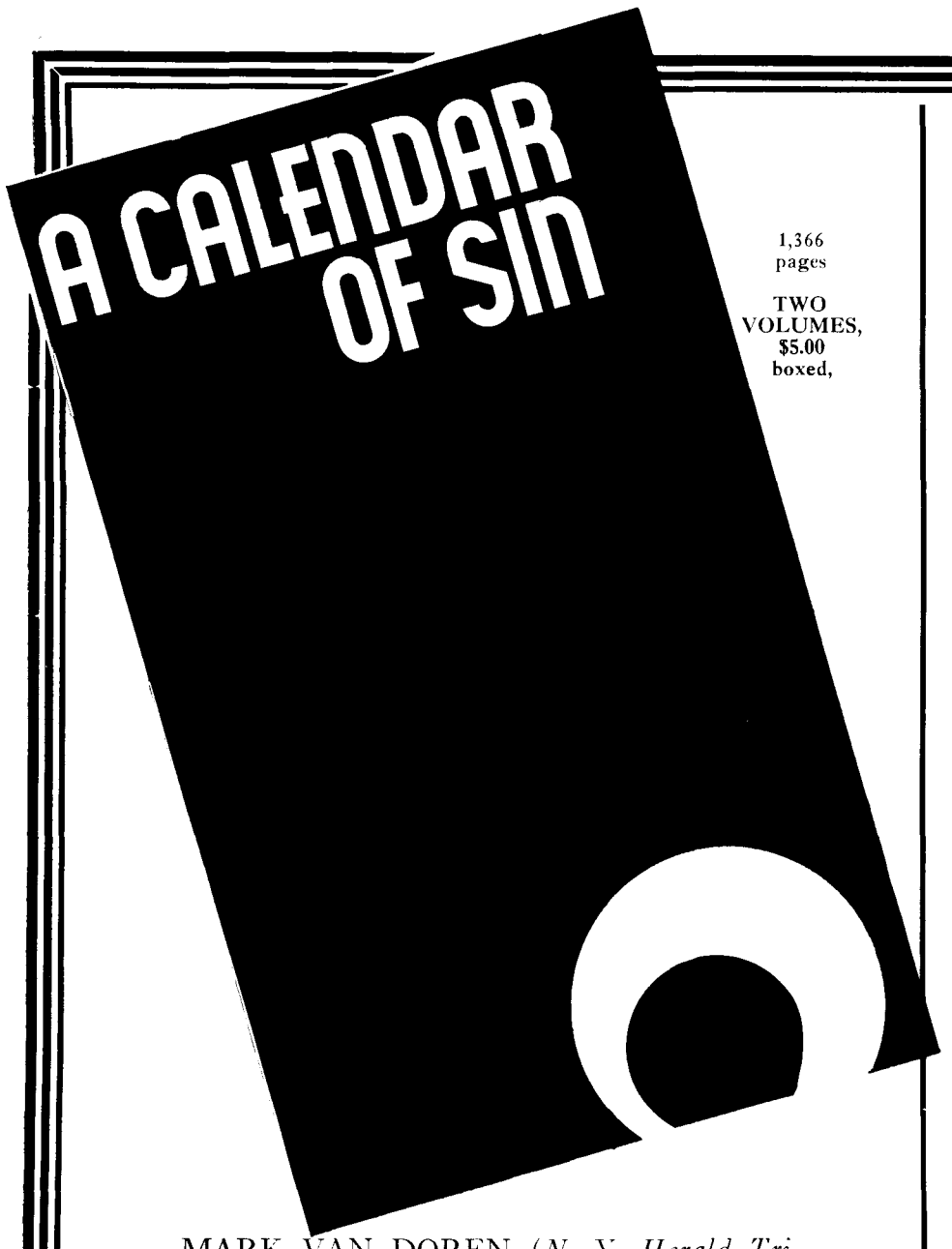
"WILLIAM ARCHER" - - *Reviewed by* O. W. FIRKINS

THE FOLDER - - *By* CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

BOOKS OF THE FALL - - *By* AMY LOVEMAN

Volume VIII • New York, Saturday, October 17, 1931 • Number 13

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



1,366 pages

TWO VOLUMES, $5.00 boxed,

MARK VAN DOREN (*N. Y. Herald Tribune*): "There is no wisdom about love, and Mrs. Scott seems to know this fact as thoroughly as any novelist who ever wrote. She has also written brilliantly, clearly, richly about a very great range and variety of American scenes and persons. The experience of reading *A Calendar of Sin* is one of the fullest experiences which modern American fiction so far can give."

EVELYN SCOTT'S

masterpiece

A Calendar of Sin

WILLIAM SOSKIN (*N. Y. Evening Post*): "What impresses me about *A Calendar of Sin* is the sheer creative energy involved. The characters and incidents which merely serve to give her story its impetus and which start the long series of marriages, business relationships, social contacts, accidental meetings, romances, seductions and assaults on its way, contains in itself enough drama, character study and emotional understanding for an ordinarily complete novel."

EVELYN SCOTT is the author of twelve books. With the publication of The Wave, *two years ago, she was awarded the critical and popular acclaim which should have been hers by virtue of merit years ago. Her new novel, a book of the most absorbing interest and power, combining a long period of American life with a deep study of the emotions of men and women, cannot fail to add to the reputation she has achieved as one of America's major writers.*

New Titles for SATURDAY REVIEW *Readers*

A WORLD CAN END
By IRINA SKARIATINA

"Of all the memoirs that have been written by exiled nobility this is without any exception the clearest, the truest, the most absorbing, the most moving."—*Knoxville News-Sentinel.*
Illustrated, $3.50

ONE LIVES TO TELL THE TALE
By EDMUND GILLIGAN

"First-rate literature. It is an incredible story, yet you believe every word of it."—*William McFee. Foreword by LOWELL THOMAS.* *Illustrated,* $3.50

FIGHTING BOB EVANS
By EDWIN A. FALK

A fascinating biography of our greatest naval hero since the Civil War. Kipling described him as "the man who has lived more stories than Zogbaum or I could invent." *Foreword by FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT.* *Illustrated,* $5.00

FIVE MASTERS
By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH
Author of "The Modern Temper," etc.

"If we were to choose among those of Joseph Wood Krutch's works with which we are familiar the one we like best, we should pick out this book."—*N. Y. Times.* $3.50

RED BREAD
By MAURICE HINDUS
Author of "Humanity Uprooted"

"He draws his material in a flood from the deep wells of Russian life to make a gripping tale."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune.* $3.50

DECENT FELLOWS
By JOHN HEYGATE

The novel about Eton which caused a sensation in England. "He's thrown overboard the old *Tom Brown at Rugby* tradition and has mirrored lads as young boys really are."—*Phila. Ledger. Introduction by HENRY WILLIAMSON.* $2.50

THE ENGLISH: *Are They Human?*
By G. J. RENIER

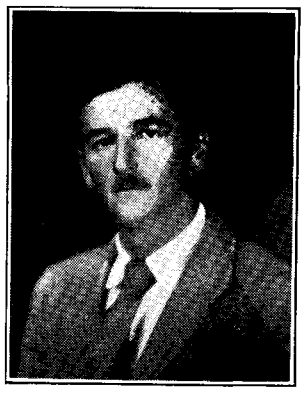
"A rare combination of wit, intelligence and insight."—*LEWIS GANNETT, N. Y. Herald Tribune.* $2.50

WILLIAM FAULKNER'S

short stories

These Thirteen

LAURENCE STALLINGS (*N. Y. Sun*) *says:* "What ever it is that marks contemporary stuff for future glories—whether it is immense fertility of imagination, a passionate conviction in the reality of his characters, or the novelist's ability to write superbly—it seems that William Faulkner has it all." *Third Printing.* $3.50



WILLIAM FAULKNER'S reputation has been growing so steadily during the last few years that the publication of a new book by him becomes something of an event. This volume, the first collection of his short stories, is representative of the various moods of the author over a period of the last two years. It is worth adding to Sanctuary, As I Lay Dying, Sound and Fury, Sartoris and Soldiers Pay.

JONATHAN CAPE & HARRISON SMITH
One Thirty-nine East Forty-sixth Street New York, N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED